



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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TENNESSEE—THE COURT OF NIGHT, IN THE PROCESSION OF THE MYSTIK MEMPHI, ON MARDI-GRAS, TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 5TH, IN THE CITY OF MEMPHIS.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 50.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

637 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1878.

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THE SILVER DISCUSSION AND ITS LESSON.

THAT the Silver Bill should have been incontinently passed "over the head of the President" by more than a two-thirds vote in both Houses of Congress was due not so much to any designed contempt for the opinions of the Executive in the premises, as to impatience with the longer discussion of a topic which had been worn threadbare by the abrasion of public opinion and the collisions of Congressional oratory during the last two or three months. And it must be conceded that the President has not formulated any new arguments against the policy of the Silver Bill, but has simply stated, with clearness and moderation, the objections urged against its passage by the opponents of the measure in Congress and in the public press.

In view of these facts, we should prescribe to ourselves a prudent abstinence from any further disquisition under this head, if we did not seek, in retrospect of the past and in prospect of the future, to point a few useful moralities where we can no longer hope to adorn the tale which recites the history of the so-called "silver craze." And, in the first place, we beg leave to remind our readers that, as we have not shared the illusions of the silver remonetizers on this subject, so we have felt ourselves called to abstain from the wild predictions and exaggerated dialect in which their antagonists have so freely indulged when portraying the probable consequences of the measure. We incline to think that the real strength of the arguments that justly lie against the policy in question have been greatly impaired by the indiscreet zeal with which the monometallists and the over-forward "defenders of the public faith" have adventured to fight the wildfire of Bland and his coadjutors with a wildfire of their own drawn from an overheated fancy, instead of being kindled by the torch of truth. We know, indeed, as Dr. South tells us in one of his sermons, that minds ignited by a hot discussion, are wont to throw off words which "have a sort of wildfire wrapped up in them"; but we remember, too, how careful he is to add that such words, at their best, have power only to "charm the rabble." We could wish that all inflation of speech in the course of this discussion might have been left to the undisputed enjoyment of the men who were laboring for an inflation of the currency; but candor compels us to admit that what we deem the cause of truth and right in the matter, was often served with as little wisdom and prudence as the cause of error and wrong. Opinions which are false can be dissipated only by the force of argument; they gather fresh volume from every form of opposition which pits invective against invective, and arrays rant against rant in tearing a passion to tatters.

Now that the Silver Bill in its reduced dimensions has become the law of the land, it is an edifying spectacle to witness the unseemly precipitation with which the friends and enemies of the measure are hastening to "unload" the prophecies of evil and the prophecies of good with which they have heretofore charged the daily burden of their cheap and fluent predictions. For instance, among our contemporaries in the public press, no journal has opposed the Silver Bill with more vehemence than the New York Tribune. Its columns have teemed with oburgation against the authors of the Bill, and with predictions of disaster which have scarcely been exceeded since the star Wormwood was seen to fall from heaven in the Apocalypse, and the angel flying in the midst of the heavens was heard to exclaim,

"Woe, woe, woe to the inhabitants of the earth." And this has been the tenor of its language, even after it became apparent to everybody that the Bland Bill would be stripped of the most characteristic and hateful features in passing through the Senate. Its regular readers, therefore, may be pardoned if, in the number of the Tribune which announced the passage of the Silver Bill over the Presidential veto, they were treated to the following judicious comment on the real significance of the measure:

"The Bill, thus lamentably become a law, is less injurious in its immediate than in its indirect effects. It causes no great inflation; it forces upon the public at once no great amount of depreciated coin; it compels no dishonoring of the National obligations. Thanks even to this Senate, the worst of its poison was taken out, and the Silver Bill that has become law no more resembles the Bland Bill than it does wise legislation. It only inflicts the stain upon our National honor; it does not enforce immediate acts of National dishonor. The Secretary of the Treasury can still pay all our obligations according to the spirit as well as the letter of the contract, and he can so utilize the new silver coinage as to make it an actual aid to the speedy resumption of specie payments.

"If this should serve as a tub to the repudiation whale, we may well rest, after some sort, content. The Resumption Act is still binding, and we are within ten months of resumption. Moreover, we are in a good position to resume. Give us—in spite of this Bill—ten months more of freedom from the schemes of the wild financiers of the Bland type, and we shall have the finances of the country once more planted on the solid rock of specie. Meantime the great danger to which this Bill subjects us is the rapid return of Government bonds. Fortunately, the money market was never in a better condition to absorb them. Our banks are choked with idle capital. If it can but be utilized in taking up these bonds, and holding them henceforth at home, the National misfortune at Washington may yet be converted into something not wholly unlike a national blessing. And so let us be of good courage. This country has weathered many a storm, and we may yet weather this one."

Our readers will remember that this is accordant with a general style of speech which we have consistently held on this topic from the time we first adverted to it in our columns. If all economical science was against the visions with which the "silver fanatics" were feeding the credulity of their followers, it seemed to us equally plain that all economical probabilities were against the exaggerated fears of the politicians and journalists who were risking their repute for prophecy on the prediction of incalculable evils destined to ensue on the immediate passage of any Bill which should remonetize the silver dollar and make it a legal tender. And hence, in estimating the "profit and loss of silver money," as we tried to do in our number of February 23d, we recapitulated a series of objections to its profitability which, whether considered on grounds of morality or expediency, are almost identical with those that form the gravamen of the President's veto message; but in estimating, at the same time, the range and extent of the losses likely to result from the adoption of a silver currency, we felt it just and proper to hold, before the passage of the Silver Bill, much the same language as that which the Tribune deems it just and proper to hold after its passage. As we said then, now we join with our able contemporary in saying that the evils of this policy "will not result so much from the normal and immediate operation of the silver dollar upon the public debt as from the apprehension that the men who have favored it as a means for cheapening the payment of the public debt will not hesitate to do worse when the delusion of the silver dollar has been made patent to the public mind."

A NEW NATIONAL LIBRARY BUILDING.

AT last the long-continued and constantly renewed efforts of Mr. Spofford promise to be successful, and the erection of a new building for the Library of Congress is a probable event. The National Library has for a long time suffered for need of space, and the spectacle of quantities of books piled upon the floors of the present building for want of shelf-room has certainly not been encouraging to those who have sought in that direction for the information which is constantly a necessity to the current member of Congress. It is proposed to appoint a Commission to report a plan for a new building; the Senate has agreed to a resolution to that effect, and the question now rests with a committee of the House, which will probably report in its favor. Three propositions are under consideration by those who have the matter in hand: the first of these being an extension of the Capitol itself; another, to erect a

new building on Judiciary Square, on Government property; and the third, for the Government to purchase land near the Capitol Park, and erect buildings at once for the Library, the Supreme Court and the Department of Justice. Any one of these propositions will solve the present difficulty.

The National Library contains more than 300,000 volumes and about 60,000 pamphlets. Under the judicious charge of Mr. A. R. Spofford, who has been its librarian for many years, it has continued to increase in important directions and with a view to the systematic formation of a large "People's" library. The only institution of the kind in the United States which can be compared in point of size with the great libraries of Europe, it is, far more than these latter, not only comprehensive and catholic in its character, but available in its arrangement. By means of both card and printed catalogues, its vast resources are rendered easily accessible, while behind its system of organization are the knowledge and memory of an expert, skilled far beyond his fellows. It is a misfortune that this great and growing collection should have been for so long cramped for want of needed space, and it is creditable to the present Congress that it is inclined to remedy this defect.

While on the subject of libraries, there are a few words to be said concerning two of those of the City of New York. The twenty-ninth annual report of the Astor Library, recently issued, shows a condition of progress in the collection of books which is very gratifying to the friends of that institution. The increase of books for the year is given at 11,533 volumes, and the total contents of the library at present at 165,854 volumes. Curiously enough, while the number of readers increased during the year by twenty-three per cent., the increase in the number of books consulted was only eight per cent. This indicates a falling off in the pursuit of subjects requiring research, and the examination of large numbers of volumes, and we look to find a deficiency in the examination of books on scientific topics. This is precisely the case. The gain in the number of books consulted is entirely in the department of general literature (15,483), while the examination of works in science and in the arts has lessened by nearly 3,000 volumes; in fact, the number of books read in the department of British literature alone increased in 1877 over that of 1876 by nearly thirty-three per cent. Meanwhile, the number of alcove readers in the two buildings of the library fell off nearly one-half—those of the department of science having decreased from 5,675 in 1876 to 2,972 in 1877—this fact being specially indicative of slackened research. Judging from the figures thus applied, we may justly conclude that the increase in the number of readers in the Astor Library is in the direction of idlers and those who desire to kill time by poring over works of fiction, while a notable falling off in the number of those who read for a purpose and in the practice of professional work shows equally the decline in literary labor, which is as marked in these "slack times" as it is in all other directions. The Astor, in fact, like any other large and well-selected public library, offers a very sensitive and accurate index of the condition of public affairs, in the manner and extent of its use; and the present depressed condition of business and labor is naturally reflected there in the number and character of the readers and the nature of their employment.

In concluding these remarks, we desire to refer to the "new departure" of the Apprentices' Library, which has recently removed from its old and crowded home to the building formerly known as Robinson Hall, in Sixteenth Street, just west of Union Square. The alteration of the building in question, which was a scar and an eye-sore to the neighborhood, from its former graceless condition to the status of a civic ornament, is something to be esteemed a public benefaction. To the neighborhood the advent of the Apprentices' Library should be viewed as an angel's visit—come to stay. The new Library hall is architecturally handsome, is well-appointed, and has upon its shelves about 60,000 well-chosen works, besides the special Demilt "reference" collection of about 4,000 volumes. Membership is free to all apprentices under twenty years of age, male or female (including tradesmen's clerks); while any one properly recommended can make use of the library on payment of two dollars per annum. This furnishes the most liberal return for two dollars (even gold dollars) with which we are acquainted; and it is to be hoped that the neighborhood of Union Square, at least, will largely avail itself of the privilege thus brought to its very doors.

THERE has been for a long time a unanimous opinion in favor of more extensive library accommodations at the National Capitol than are at present afforded. But Congress for ten years has respectfully de-

clined to look the necessity in the face and do anything in the premises. The Library Committee has again reported that more room must be had, and has presented three plans for supplying this want. The first proposes an addition to the Capitol building; the second, a new building on Government land; the third the purchase of a new lot for the purpose and the erection of a suitable edifice upon it. The proposed addition to the Capitol can be made in such a way as to improve the architectural appearance and effect of the building, and a library there would be far more convenient for members of Congress than elsewhere. As the Library was designed originally for the use of Congress, the Capitol seems to be the most suitable place for it.

TIME FOR WORK.

AS one after another of the uncertainties in the financial world are removed we are reaching rapidly towards an era of national prosperity greater than we have ever known. Our political frame has recovered from the wounds of civil war, and the young republic sees in every scar the reminder that slavery, with its Pandora box of sectional antagonism and hate, has been excised from our commonwealth of States, and that no want of homogeneity interrupts the natural flow and reduplication of the waves of commerce and national aggrandizement. The provisional period of the striking down of sham fortunes, of hollow corporations, false values and military government, has reached its acme and its termination. True reconstruction is not only begun, it is far progressed, and we are on the threshold of settled quiet, patient industry and rapid rehabilitation. The period of contraction, of iconoclasm, of putting away the vestments of the dead past, was followed by despair, and many died who could not watch until the morn. Even now many prophecies of continued evil are heard. And it is said that for a generation we will be without the incentives to exertion, and the rewards of exertion, which were possessed by us in the past. We are told that industry now only crowds the manufactories and warehouses with wares unsalable except at a loss, and that overproduction has risen in the path of labor and now overwhelms her by burying her under the costly gifts she has solicited, as the Roman soldiers crushed the woman who gave up to them her city, asking in return only the golden ornaments upon her arms. This idea is an evil one, because by it capital is intimidated or, at least, put in doubt. And that is sufficient to prevent the timorous self-seeking spirit of gain from venturing its capital into the field of competition. This latter is what constitutes trade, and no wheel of commerce moves save when capital is assured of gain. Indeed, political economists assure us, "Few will practice abstinence and try to amass wealth when the rate of profit is but little over four per cent." And the history of Holland is referred to as showing a national decline for the last two hundred years in a people sober and industrious, simply because the rate of profit fell to about two per cent., a higher stimulus being requisite for that degree of exertion which leads to growth of capital beyond daily consumption.

Among the many admirable thoughts expressed by Mr. Hewitt, in his very able speech during the pendency of the Silver Bill, he had properly included a repudiation of the theory which accounts for our financial panic by attributing it to overproduction. Of course if it is intended to say that our nation is guilty of stupendous folly in not availing itself of natural markets, and in failing to emulate England in pushing wares into every corner of the world, and that this is a cause of stagnation, then we agree. But this is a removable cause, and directly appeals to capital as capable of applying the remedy. This is painfully true as to contiguous and home markets. Cotton is not over-produced in the Southern, nor wool nor grain in the Western, States. While the American producer complains of his want of profit, from his very door English capital secures the home product to transport to another hemisphere, and, with the cost thus increased, finds a profit out of which to pay its thousands of operatives, to feed them with American grain, and clothe them with clothes made from American cotton and wool, and then to send back to the South the products of the West manufactured, and to the West the products of the South manufactured—all of which manufacture, with its attendant profit, without the expense of shipping to England and back again, ought to be secured to our own country. Brazil sells us its products, but, while it wants in exchange what we produce, it buys of England instead, and we pay Brazil in money.

No nation was ever made poor by overproduction. To those who use food and wear clothes, there cannot be too much bread nor too much clothing. There may be temporary over-crowding of favorite occupations, but all seeks its level soon;

and if labor can be exchanged for grain, and grain for plows, and everything we make for something we want and have not, we have herein all the elements of profitable trade, and the man who is most industrious is the greatest benefactor and will gather most wealth. With no legislative interference, and with the removal of unjust fears, we may safely leave to the cupid of capital to foresee the good bargains of the future, and then labor comes into demand, and trade appears with her cornucopia. This we are about to witness fully illustrated.

THE CUBAN WAR.

WE mentioned last week the probable collapse of the Cuban revolution; since then the probability has received a qualified corroboration in the announcement of a general capitulation of the insurgents and an amnesty by the Spanish Government. The official announcement, we are informed, has been made in the Spanish Cortes of the surrender of the Cuban Central Committee, the Executive, and the principal chiefs of the insurrection. All the troops actually under arms appear to have laid them down, in accordance with an agreement previously arrived at. The facts relating to the surrender show the extremely slender military basis on which Cuban belligerency has always rested. The total number of "troops" mentioned in the dispatches as having come in are three thousand. The principal terms of the peace as published, are as follows: Political rights for Cuba identical with those enjoyed by Porto Rico; general amnesty for offenses since 1868; freedom to the insurgent slaves and coolies; safe conduct and transportation for any insurgent wishing to leave the island. There are said to be, besides these, secret agreements providing for a civil governor, with duties distinct from those of the military governor; a provincial parliament in each of the three departments; popular elections for municipal officers; the inclusion of the war debt in the public estimates of the island; the dissolution of the volunteer corps of Havana, and the organization of a new militia, to be composed alike of Cubans and Spaniards; a representation of the island in the Cortes; a recognition of the military rank of the insurgent chiefs and officers, and those accredited with foreign commissions, their rank "to be effective only in the list of the Spanish army in Cuba"; and the complete abolition of slavery in five years, with indemnity.

THE CURRENT CONTROVERSY.

THE controversy over endless punishment has excited considerable public attention. But, on the other hand, the discussion has revealed a quite remarkable disinclination on the part of eminent clergymen to enter the lists on either side. And, strange to say, most of the discourses which have come to public notice through the press have shown far less vigor and scholarship and earnest grappling with one of the greatest and gravest of themes than people had a right to expect. Ingersoll's blatant declamation and cheap ridicule may be dismissed as the blackguardism of a blatherskite. When he has settled the question that there is another world, it will be time enough for him to consider the conditions of existence in it. Mr. Beecher's modest declaration that if he were God he would not damn anything, very much shows the kindness of his heart but throws not one ray of light over the unfathomed mysteries of the future. It may be suggested without impertinence that Mr. Beecher scarcely knows what he would do if he were the creator and ruler of the universe; we can scarcely suppose that he would permit the poverty, vice and suffering experienced in this city every day of the year, much less allow seventy millions of Chinese to starve to death. The question is one of fact, and cannot be settled by fine-spun sentimentalisms. The "symposium" in the current number of the *North American Review*, a written debate carried on between Dr. Porter, of Yale College, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Father Preston, Dr. Bellows, Dr. W. R. Williams, and Dr. T. J. Sawyer, is as disappointing as it is interesting. Dr. Porter begins by almost conceding the point that future punishment in the generally received sense may not be absolutely endless, and by an admission that probation may lap over into "the opening scenes of the next life"; and Dr. Bellows thinks the Liberals will all agree with him that punishment will last while there is sin to be punished; Mr. Frothingham thinks the doctrine rationally untenable and ethically monstrous. Father Preston insists on its truth as the common Catholic opinion. Dr. Williams maintains the rigid Baptist view deduced from the very literal interpretation of certain Scripture texts, which Dr. Sawyer, the eminent Universalist divine, construes in an entirely different way, maintaining that sin will finally be exterminated.

There is no controversy as to future pun-

ishment that is believed in by all who believe in immortality, and is taught by all modern Christian sects. Father Belton and a few Universalist preachers, in the early part of the present century, denied that the punishment of sin extended beyond the grave; they insisted that Christ had suffered for all men, and that all would share in His atonement. They agreed that sin was an incident to mortality, the result of bad conditions and education, and that the consequences of it would drop off with the body at death, but this doctrine is not held nor taught by the Universalists to-day; the representative teachers of that sect affirm in distinct and often eloquent terms the future punishment of those who die impenitent. They insist that sin and suffering are inseparable, and that there can be no complete happiness anywhere without holiness. The Unitarians lay still greater emphasis on this point, insisting that the consequences of guilt cannot be escaped or shuffled off by a change of circumstances nor of words. The results of a sinful career sweep forward into the illimitable future; they are registered in character; a man can no more escape from them than from himself. Both sects hold that the curtailed future has hope for all; that redemptive influences are active there; that the divine laws make for virtue, and that no soul can ever stray beyond the reach of Infinite mercy. But the punishment will be proportioned to the guilt, and last till the sin is purged away.

The real point in dispute is whether punishment is literally endless. Is there hope beyond the grave for any who die impenitent? Are the conditions of existence in the other world so unalterably fierce that the unforgiven sinner drops through death to endless doom, as the old creeds represent? It is easy to dogmatize over questions like these, and there is too much of a disposition to do so. And it is easy to quote texts of Scripture on one side, and negative them by equally explicit texts on the other side. But this kind of fence satisfies nobody of anything but the dexterity of the disputants. What do these old phrases of Scripture, which theologians move about like pawns on a chess-board—which preachers hurl at each other like brickbats in the heat of discussion—mean and teach on the question at issue? Two new elements enter into this discussion which our modern controversialists seem to overlook. The doctrine in question is older than the New Testament. It originated outside of India. It was probably of Egyptian origin, and was held in grotesque and fantastic forms. It was believed by some of the Greeks, by the Scandinavians, and the Hindoos. It was one of the beliefs in circulation through the ancient world. It was adopted by the Pharisees three or four centuries before Christ. The Sadducees did not believe it, who held it in constantly fluctuating and often inconsistent forms. The New Testament words which refer to and seem to teach the doctrine, open backward into the primeval faiths of mankind; Max Muller says words are fossil poetry. Then are all words which are fossil religion, and these Scripture phrases that refer to endless punishment, as Canon Farrar admits, are among them. They get their color and significance from the people who used them, the periods they floated through, the regions they traversed, and whether Jesus used them, in a metaphysical sense, with rigid, philosophical exactness, or in a popular, poetic way, is an open question, as even Dr. Hall seems to concede. Did he talk like a popular preacher addressing uneducated, common people, or as a theological professor addressing a class of students? The doctrine of a future life has a history which must be studied in order to comprehend the full import of the terms in which specific teachings are imbedded. It is folly to dogmatize over the subject, as though the final destiny of four-fifths of the human race can be spelled from the words of King James's translation of the Bible by the aid of a dictionary.

Another point of vital consequence in this controversy is involved in the fact that all the old creeds were written before the birth of modern science. It was a very simple matter in those early days to arrange all the details and paraphernalia of the future life, and locate a heaven for the redeemed a little way above the earth, and a hell for the doomed just a little way below it; and it required but little imagination to picture the elements of bliss and the apparatus of torture. But astronomy upset that whole arrangement of things when it showed that the earth revolves around the sun in company with a hundred other worlds, and is but a speck in the boundless universe. Which of the planets, in the heliocentric confederation, is heaven and which is hell? It was once thought that perdition was located within the earth; but geology has exploded that notion. Theologians are surprised at the growth of secular skepticism on this subject. They forget that science has made the old statements of the doctrine seem incredible and puerile; and it is these old statements, which once seemed so real-

istic and impressive, that infidels like Ingersoll attack and ridicule. It is not so much the kernel as its antiquated and out-grown envelope that is assailed. Can the doctrine be re-cast in a scientific mold? What light does modern science throw over the future life of the human soul? These are points which both sides seem to shrink from considering, but they are of popular interest.

WE are informed by the chief of the Bureau of Statistics, that the exports of merchandise for the first seven months of the present fiscal year exceeded the imports \$135,609,137. That is an exceedingly gratifying showing. The current of trade has completely changed within a few years, many of the principal articles which in times past we were compelled to import, we now not only are manufacturing, but we are shipping them abroad to compete at lower prices with the foreign manufacturers on whom we formerly were dependent.

THE terms of the treaty of peace between Russia and Turkey are probably as fully known now as they are likely to be until the text reaches St. Petersburg from Constantinople by courier. It looks as though the delay in the negotiations and the occasional revelation of enormous Russian demands were a sort of experiment on European opinion, so that the final abatement in the terms should wear the look of concession and pacify England and Austria. Bulgaria is to be, as heretofore announced, a tributary principality, but it is not to include Adrianople or Salonica, and the prince is not to belong to any European reigning house. It is to have the port of Kavala on the Aegean, and Varna and Burgas. All the Turkish fortresses north of the Balkans are to be razed and the troops withdrawn. Russia abandons her claim to the Egyptian and Bulgarian tribute, which probably was only made to be abandoned. The troops are to go home by sea. It appears, also, by a solemn denial from Bismarck in the German Parliament, that the march to the defenses of Constantinople was not stolen by means of delay in signing the armistice, but was provided for by the armistice itself. The question of the Dardanelles is reserved for future settlement.

THE Erie Railroad Company has been subjected to considerable legislation lately, and its Receiver, Mr. H. J. Jewett, has been proceeded against on a charge of perjury, it being alleged that he had made false affidavits in the presentation of the accounts of the company to the Legislature of the State. These proceedings have been instituted by Mr. McHenry, who claims to represent a number of stockholders resident in England, who seem anxious to have Mr. Jewett removed. Mr. Jewett, in his reply and defense, asserts that the accounts for the present year have been presented in the same way as in all preceding years, and that they are in perfect accord with the facts. He gives the affidavits of Mr. Stephen Little, the auditor of the company, who swears that the books and accounts are kept in accordance with the most approved principles of scientific railroad book-keeping, and Mr. Little's statements are verified by the auditors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, New York Central, Lake Shore and other leading railroad companies, so that it appears the course Mr. McHenry has taken is not likely to succeed in ousting Mr. Jewett, while it must cost the company a considerable amount to defend its management. Within a few days a meeting of a large majority of the English stockholders has been held in London, at which resolutions were adopted sustaining Mr. Jewett and strongly condemning the action of Mr. McHenry.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

LUMBER ON THE PACIFIC.—According to the *San Francisco Journal of Commerce* the lumber production of the Pacific coast in 1877 reached 900,000,000 feet, the mills being taxed to only about one-third of their capacity. The same paper reports improvement in the amount and value of the lumber exports, the greater part of the trade being with Peru and other South American States. The receipts at San Francisco were the smallest in three years, being 286,690,000 feet. It was estimated in 1870 that the whole of the United States contained 380,000,000 acres of woodlands, and the capital at present engaged in the lumber business is put down at \$143,000,000. During the ten years ending 1860, 30,000,000 acres were cleared, and since then the consumption has greatly increased. The engines of the country alone annually consume twenty-five years' growth of 350,000 acres; for railroad ties 68,000 acres of thirty years' growth are yearly used, and for telegraph-poles 250,000 acres. The necessity of care for the timber lands of the country is enforced by these facts.

EDUCATION IN ONTARIO.—The Centennial Exhibition is returning to us in these days in the shape of official reports made by the Commissioners of the different countries represented. Among these none is thus far more interesting or valuable in its way than is the special report made to the Minister of Education of our neighbor Ontario, by J. George

Hodgins, LL.D., Deputy Minister, on the Ontario Educational Exhibit and the educational features of the International Exhibition. The exhibit of Ontario in the Department of Education was so creditable to the wisdom and comprehensive experience of the educators of that province, that this elaborate report of about three hundred octavo pages will doubtless be gladly sought after by those interested in the subject. Especially so, since it carefully reviews the various educational systems of the world, and offers in the limits of a concise compendium an absolute encyclopedia of educational progress. We learn from this work that it costs about one-third to educate the children of Ontario that it does in the case of those of New York, while it is probable that the standard of education is higher there than here.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A. G. PORTER, of Indianapolis, Ind., has been appointed First Comptroller of the United States Treasury.

THE New Jersey Legislature is considering a Bill authorizing the purchase of the Executive Mansion by the State.

TWO more Molly Maguire murderers have been sentenced to be hanged at Pottsville, Pa., April 18th being the day.

A FIRE at Hot Springs, Ark., on March 5th, destroyed the greater part of the business portion and many dwellings.

MARDI-GRAS festivities in Memphis and New Orleans were more brilliant and general in observance than ever before.

THE Vanderbilt will contest was resumed in New York City last week before the Surrogate, but little progress was made.

COMMITTEES of both Houses of Congress have reported favorably on Captain Howgate's plan for Arctic explorations.

A TORNADO swept through Casey County, Ky., March 2d, inflicting great damage on property, and causing the death of seven persons.

THE superintendent of the Government buildings at San Francisco has been suspended on account of charges of fraudulent transactions.

THE Rhode Island State Prohibitory Convention was held at Providence, March 5th, and the present State officers were nominated for re-election.

GOVERNOR NICHOLLS has convened the Louisiana Legislature in extra session for fifteen days to consider several matters of urgent necessity.

AN organization was perfected in Chicago, March 5th, known as the Hard Money League, and designed to secure concerted action against greenback principles.

THE House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds have reported in favor of an appropriation of \$245,300 for a new and thoroughly fireproof building for a national museum.

THE fifth annual convention of the National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association was convened at Chicago, March 6th. A committee was appointed to arrange a dairy exhibit for Paris.

HENRY C. KELSEY, Secretary of State of New Jersey, and Insurance Superintendent, has been vindicated by a majority of the joint legislative committee appointed to investigate charges against his official conduct.

PRESIDENT HAYES has vetoed a Bill providing for a special term of the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of Mississippi, for the trial of persons charged with thefts of timber from Government lands.

THE agitation over the proposed location of an armory on Washington Square, New York City, continues. The Aldermen's committee are in favor of the Square site, while physicians, merchants and business men oppose it, both in the daily papers and at public meetings.

Foreign.

YELLOW fever is raging severely at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

ON March 3d, the anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne, he exchanged cordial congratulations with the Sultan.

A MINISTERIAL crisis exists in Italy, several Ministers having resigned; but the Premier has still a working majority.

HERR CAMPHAUSEN, German Finance Minister and Vice-President of the Council, has resigned, and will serve only until a successor is named.

SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS, Liberal, and M. P. for Marylebone, has been elected Recorder of the City of London, in place of Russell Gurney, resigned.

IT has been decided to hold the Congress at Berlin, and that Prince Bismarck shall preside. Only the seven signatorial Powers will be represented.

ARCHDUKE FRANCIS, son of Francis I., and father of the present Emperor of Austria, died at Vienna, March 8th, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

COUNT SCLOPIS, Italian member and President of the Congress for the settlement of the Alabama question, died at Turin, March 8th, in the eightieth year of his age.

IN a salvage suit arising from the recovery of the abandoned Cleopatra obelisk, the Court of Admiralty fixed the joint value of the needle and its casing at \$125,000.

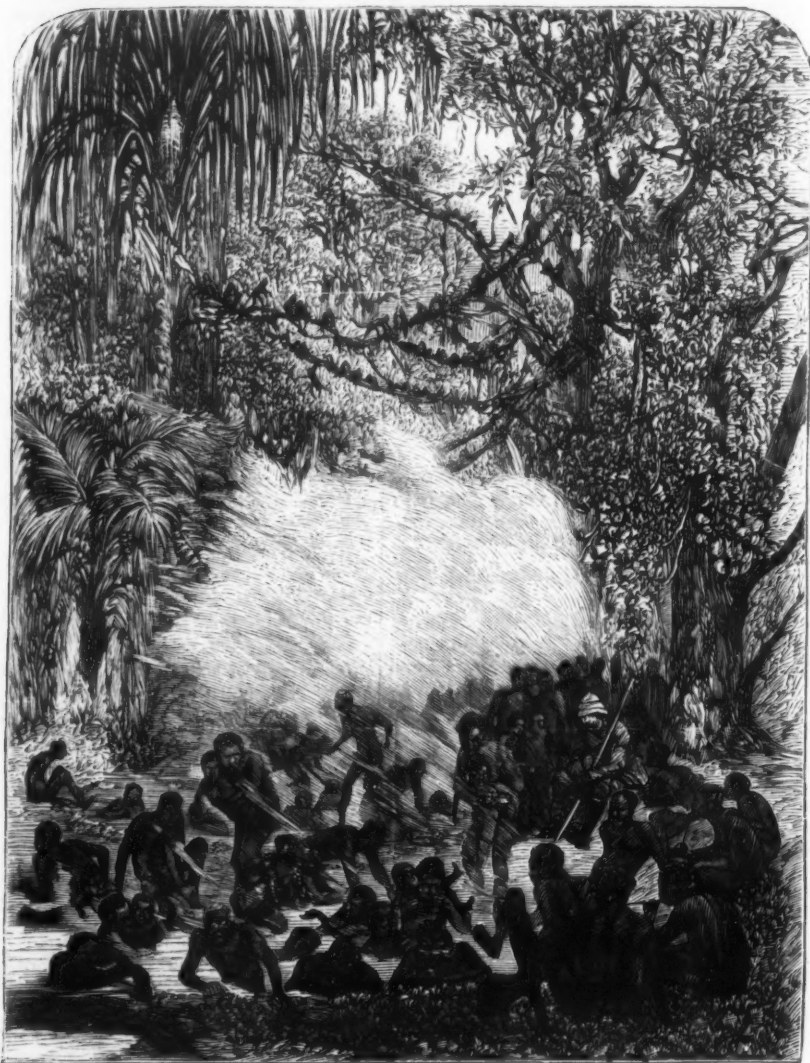
GENERAL GRANT arrived at the Piræus, March 8th, escorted by three ironclads. A large crowd witnessed the landing. The General afterwards visited the King of Greece.

A RUMOR has been circulated in London and Paris hailing from Pera, to the effect that Suleiman Iasha, whose papers proved that he was conspiring for the overthrow of the Sultan, had been found drowned.

THE British fleet remains at Toulon, in the Sea of Marmora. Prince Bismarck is credited with the remark that he would propose to the Congress an English occupation of Egypt, and pledge Germany to guarantee the non-intervention of France. Lord Derby has admitted in the House of Lords that Turkey had broken the Treaties of 1856 and 1871, and that the condition of affairs contemplated in them had ceased to exist.

CARDINAL FRANCHI has been confirmed as Pontifical Secretary of State, Cardinal Simoni as Prefect of the Propaganda, Cardinal Morichini as Cancellor, and Cardinal Pertolini as President of the Council of Rites. Pope Leo has expressed the desire that the faithful who seek audience of him shall not allude to political matters, and he has determined on a policy of reconciling, as far as possible, the interests of Church and State in questions pending with various Governments.

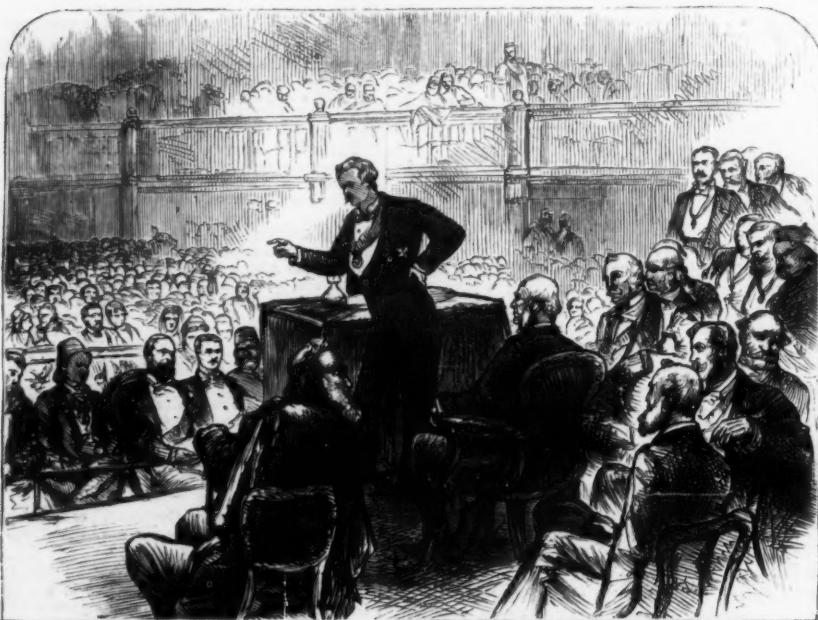
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



AFRICA.—THE STANLEY EXPEDITION AT THE HOT SPRINGS OF MTAGATA.



BULGARIA.—A RUSSIAN EXPRESS CROSSING THE DANUBE.



ENGLAND.—H. M. STANLEY RELATING HIS AFRICAN ADVENTURES AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON.



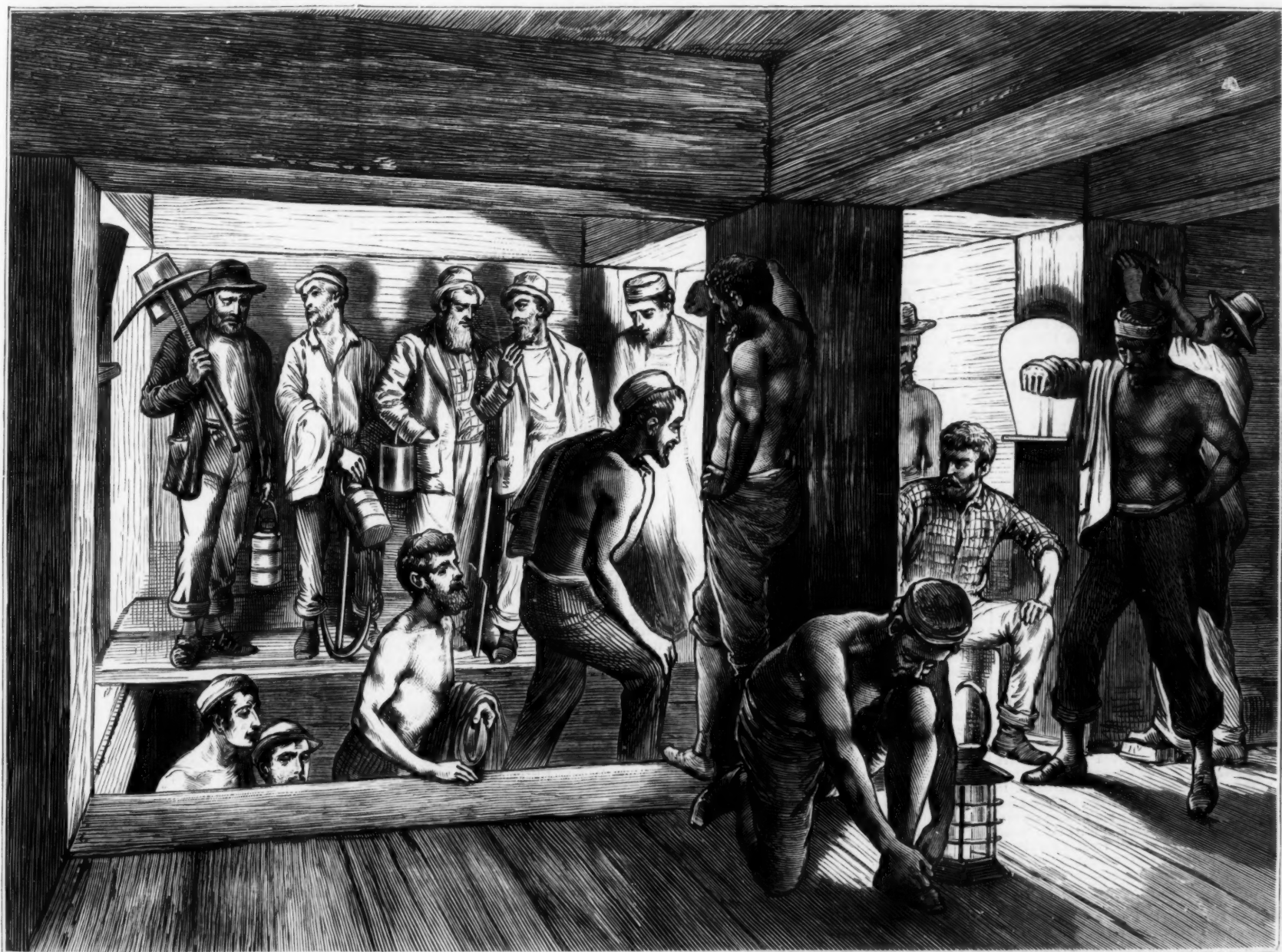
TURKEY.—TUMULT IN A GREEK CHURCH IN CONSTANTINOPLE, UPON THE READING OF A CALL FOR GREEK VOLUNTEERS.



AFRICA.—THE STANLEY EXPEDITION'S THIRTY-FIRST FIGHT—OBSTINATE ENGAGEMENT WITH THE BANGALA NEGROES IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



EXHAUSTED MINERS COOLING OFF AND RESTING.



MINERS CHANGING SHIFT IN THE 1,600-FOOT LEVEL.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—THE PARTY VISITING THE GALLERIES OF THE CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA SILVER MINE, AT VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 39.

MAKE ME A SONG.

OUT of the silence make me a song,
Beautiful, sad and soft and low;
Let the loneliest music sound along
And wing each note with a wail of woe,
Dim and drear
As hope's last tear,
Out of the silence make me a hymn,
Whose sounds are shadows soft and dim.

Out of the stillness in your heart—
A thousand songs are sleeping there—
Make me but one, thou child of art,
The song of hope in a last despair,
Dark and low,
A chant of woe,
Out of the stillness, tone by tone,
Soft as a snowflake, wild as a moan.

Out of the darknesses flash me a song,
Brightly dark and darkly bright;
Let it sweep as a lone star sweeps along
The mystical shadows of the night,
Sing it sweet,
Where nothing is drear, or dark, or dim,
And earth-songs melt into heaven's hymns.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

By E. J. CURTIS,

AUTHOR OF "A SONG IN THE TWILIGHT," AND
"KATHLEEN'S REVENGE."

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER IV.

AS a matter of course, Rachel was at The Lodge the following afternoon to talk over the croquet party. Not that she had much to say about her own share in it, except that she had enjoyed it very much! She felt that she could not, even to Miss Russell, tell all that Mr. Fairfax had said to her.

"How very nice he was," she thought, "and how much she liked that gentle, kind manner of his! Could he be unhappy about anything? She feared he must be, he looked so sad sometimes. Perhaps he was in love with some one who did not care for him." But Rachel dismissed that idea at once—sure any one for whom he cared must care for him. Then she began to wonder if Lady Wimburne would call upon her Aunt Conway as she had said she hoped to do very soon.

These thoughts, and many other thoughts of a like nature, passed through Miss Scott's mind, as she sat at the piano, idly getting over the forenoon until it was time to go to The Lodge. She was trying some songs which Mr. Fairfax had told her he particularly admired, and hoping that he would hear her sing them some day—he had such good taste in music! How she wished she could hear all those operas he spoke of—*Faust* and *Don Giovanni*. She must get the Jewel Song from *Faust*; he said it would suit her voice admirably.

She was looking prettier than Miss Russell had ever seen her when she came into the drawing-room at The Lodge about three o'clock and told her dear old granny that she had come to dine with her.

"Aunt Conway said I might come," she said, "and I hope you are glad to see me, granny. And, oh! don't you wish that we were going to another croquet party to-day?"

Miss Russell could not say with truth that she did wish it, but then Mr. Fairfax had not been making himself agreeable to her.

"I was so dreadfully frightened when they all began to applaud my song," Rachel began, when she had taken off her hat and scarf, and opened her little work-bag, "for just at first every one was so silent, I was sure they did not like it."

"And I don't think you heard your friend Mr. Vaughan sing at all," said Miss Russell. "Indeed, I suspect poor Sword and poor Gown were both forgotten."

"Did he sing?" cried Rachel, blushing, as she remembered why it was she had not heard him.

"Yes, and most beautifully. I like his singing better than Mr. Ruthven's. If I could have ventured to disturb your *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Fairfax, I might have got you back to the piano. I suppose you found him agreeable?"

"Agreeable is no word for what he is," cried Rachel, enthusiastically—"he is charming! There is something about him so—so—oh, so unlike every one!"

"And you like that! Well, I prefer Mr. Vaughan, although I have met many men like him. There is something—you will be shocked, Rachel, I know—to my mind, sly about Mr. Fairfax. I cannot help thinking when I look at him that I do not see the real man."

"Real?" echoed Rachel, who had considered the Honorable Reginald candor itself. "Indeed, granny, you are wrong; he told me a great deal about himself last night."

"To you, did he? And what did he tell you? I suppose you are not bound to secrecy."

"Oh, I don't know; he told me little things," replied Rachel, puzzled, now that the plain question had been put, to remember what Mr. Fairfax had actually told her of himself. "I don't think he is happy," she concluded, falling back into her old ideas.

"Oh, ridiculous! What in the world can he have to make him unhappy? He has everything he can possibly wish for. I'm afraid he is a little bit of a humbug, Rachel, and I repeat I like Mr. Vaughan far better."

"Talk of an angel," laughed Rachel, "there is Mr. Vaughan coming up the avenue."

Miss Russell went to the window, and called to him to come across the flower-beds. "You have leave to come in this way by the window always, remember," she said, giving him her hand; "and if you do not find me in this room, I am almost certain not to be at home. Come in; here is Miss Scott; we have been talking over the croquet party yesterday. I hope you enjoyed your first specimen of our W— festivities?"

"Beyond everything! I never spent so jolly a day, and all our fellows were delighted. Such a lot of pretty girls; and the bishop's awfully good-natured, isn't he? But, Miss Scott, your songs have been haunting me ever since. You won't think I am flattering you, will you, when I tell

you I haven't heard such singing I don't know when. By Jove! that Irish melody was enough to make a fool of a fellow."

Vaughan's praise was, like himself, honest and outspoken. Rachel laughed merrily.

"I shall be quite spoiled," she said; "but I am very glad you were pleased."

"You will think I am going to haunt you," Vaughan went on, turning to Miss Russell, "but I had a long letter from my father this morning, with no end of messages to you, and I thought you would like to hear them. There," handing her the letter, "you may read it all for yourself."

"Oh, thank you! You are very kind," she replied, and Vaughan noticed the bright glow of pleasure that passed over her face as her eyes fell upon the familiar handwriting, unseen for years.

"You will see that he begs of you to keep a watch upon his good-for-nothing son, so I must help you to do his bidding by coming here very often," laughed Harry. And then he left Miss Russell to her letter, and turned again to Rachel.

"So you wouldn't play croquet with me yesterday, Miss Scott? But, indeed, when I heard who your partner was I felt very small at having asked you. We poor mud-crushers—did you know the infantry were called by that pretty name?—have no chance beside a fellow like Fairfax! What jolly little girls his sisters are. You know them, of course?"

Yes, Rachel knew them; had known them since they were all children together. Did Mr. Vaughan know that the eldest Miss Fairfax was going to be married?

"I suppose to that man who was with her," cried Vaughan; "that red-haired fellow, with the glass in his eye? He is a swell of some kind, no doubt. What on earth can she see to fancy in the creature? But there is no accounting for what you women will do."

"You seem rather aggrieved about it," said Rachel; "but then there is Julia, the second girl, waiting for you. Many people think her prettier than Miss Fairfax."

"I don't; she's too like her brother," said Harry, bluntly; "but I suppose I must not abuse him to you, Miss Scott. I shall have the pleasure of meeting him to-night, he dines with us. Hallo! what's this? I hear wheels."

"It's the Wimburne carriage," said Miss Russell, from her seat in the window. "Pray do not go, Mr. Vaughan," for Harry had risen as she spoke.

Rachel tried hard to look as if she only expected, or hoped to see, the ladies of the Wimburne family, but although she grew very intent upon the removal of a knot upon her embroidery thread, she could not keep back the flush that rose to her cheeks, nor the look of expectancy that brightened her eyes as she furtively watched the door. Harry saw both blush and look, and he felt that he actually hated Reginald Fairfax, as he, too, watched the door.

"Lady Wimburne and the Misses Fairfax." Rustle of matronly silk and girlish muslin, but no mainly tread following, to the disappointment of one, and to the joy of another.

There was more affectionate kissing of Rachel. The young ladies were really cordial to her to-day, for Reginald had only arched his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders when they had praised her to him yesterday; so that he was safe, not from flirtation, "Reginald always flirts," but from falling in love.

They were expecting a houseful of people at the Priory the next week, and the object of Lady Wimburne's visit was to ask Miss Russell to join the party.

"And I am on my way to ask your aunt if she will allow us to have the pleasure of your company too, dear," her ladyship added, turning to Rachel.

The girl's heart gave a great bound of delight at the prospect, while in one swift moment she passed her whole wardrobe in review, and remembered that there would be dressing for dinner at the Priory every day. But being a ladylike little person, she did not forget to thank Lady Wimburne very prettily for her kind invitation, and then she turned to attend to the young ladies, who were telling her to be sure and bring all her music.

"We hope to see you, and some of your brother officers, too, Mr. Vaughan," Lady Wimburne said, in her most gracious manner to Harry. She had heard about "The Oaks" from somebody, and considered that although Vaughan was only a subaltern he might safely be admitted to intimacy.

"Oh, thank you, I shall be delighted," said Harry, with a vague feeling of satisfaction, derived from the hope that his presence might be a check—he could not have explained how—upon Mr. Fairfax. And besides, he was not by any means averse to a little flirtation upon his own part with pretty Julia Fairfax. It would not be too much to say that he had very nearly fallen in love with Rachel Scott, but still he could flirt with Julia—wheat and tares can grow in the same field.

The invitations having been all given and accepted, there followed a good deal of pleasant chatter between the three girls and Vaughan, and between Lady Wimburne and Miss Russell. Her ladyship was one of those good-natured motherly women who talk a great deal of light, harmless gossip during the day without knowing it (as Monsieur Jourdain talked prose), and she was pleased to find her girls not anxious to be off again, as was usual with them during a morning visit. Indeed, had Vaughan not been at the Lodge that afternoon, the Misses Fairfax would have reminded their mother that it was getting late, or have made some other equally trivial excuse for moving. Such little things are only human nature, as every one knows; and no one would think of blaming a pretty girl for liking to talk to a handsome, agreeable young man, instead of to another pretty girl, or to an elderly woman.

But at last they went away, Lady Wimburne promising Rachel to call upon Miss Conway and to arrange with her for the girl's visit to the Priory. Vaughan saw the ladies to their carriage, and smiled upon them with his handsome mouth, and his sparkling eyes, and then he went back to get his letter from Miss Russell, and to see if Rachel appeared elated at the prospect of going to Wimburne.

Of course she was elated, and why not? That girl of only eighteen, who did not know how far expectations always exceed realities, who thought that clouds were not only lined with silver, but were formed throughout of that precious metal, who never had had a great disappointment to bear, and who imagined that people and things were fully as honest and as perfect as she believed them to be, would not be delighted at the prospect of going to stay in a pleasant house, full of pleasant people—of being prettily dressed, and of being made much of by every one? Yes, and it would be very nice indeed, she thought, to stay in the house with Mr. Fairfax. Rachel had often tried to picture to herself what that sad-eyed hero was like in the bosom of his family, and had failed; but her thoughts went no further. She never calculated, as ninety-nine girls out of a hundred would have done, upon the chances of "catching" Lord Wimburne's son and heir.

She was talking eagerly to Miss Russell when Vaughan came back, and if that young gentleman had not been too much taken up with admiring her animated face, he would have heard the ominous words, "Grenadine trimmed with blue." "Yes, dear, we must settle all about it in good time," Miss Russell made answer. "Mr. Vaughan, here is your letter, with many thanks. Please tell your father when you are writing, that I return all his kind messages, and that I, too, hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting again some day. And now I want to know if you will stay and dine with me to-day? Miss Scott will be the only other guest. I cannot promise you such magnificence as you have at your mess, but—"

"It would give me the greatest pleasure," interrupted Harry, "but it is our guest night, and I could not be absent; however, if I can I'll get away after dinner, and come up to you for a cup of tea, and a song, if Miss Scott will kindly indulge me."

"And remember, you must sing yourself," said Rachel.

"Oh yes, I'll sing if you wish it," he said. And he went away delighted at the prospect of the pleasant evening he had before him.

And accordingly he came, and came very early too, considering that it was "guest night" with the gallant—th, for he was fully half an hour before the ladies at the Lodge expected to see him, and he had not waited to change his mess jacket and white waistcoat; but then I have no doubt he knew the dress was becoming to him, and was therefore not sorry to have the opportunity of appearing in it. Neither was he sorry, for that evening at least, to escape from the society of his brother officers—from the cutting cynicisms of Major Howard, and from the chaffing banter of Franklin, who found out everything about every one, and who always retailed his information with notes and comments of his own.

Reginald Fairfax was one of the guests, and led by him, the conversation at dessert had been such as to disgust Vaughan, and he was no means a strait-laced young man.

When he came into the pretty drawing-room at the Lodge, and took in at a glance the atmosphere of refinement and purity that pervaded it, and when he saw Rachel's lovely face, radiant with youth and happiness, his blood boiled at the thought of what wretchedness contact with a man like Fairfax might bring upon her.

The evening was very quiet, but very pleasant, dangerously so, I fear, for the gallant young soldier. Rachel sang for him, and he sang for Rachel, and they sang duets together, until Miss Russell declared that he had no mercy upon the girl's voice, and shut the piano. And then Harry got a volume of Præd, and read aloud poems grave, and poems gay, by turns, and then all too soon came the announcement that a servant had been sent for Miss Scott.

But I think it almost unnecessary to state, that the domestic was allowed to walk discreetly in the background, while Vaughan escorted the young lady to her home; an arrangement which Miss Russell would have prevented had it been in her power. But I think on the whole that the walk by moonlight gave Rachel more satisfaction than it gave to Vaughan. She enjoyed it merely as a walk by moonlight, a pleasant finish to a pleasant evening. But he would have been more gratified had she been a little less frankly at her ease with him; he knew the "weather signs of love," and he would have been glad to trace even the faintest outline of them in the girl's demeanor towards himself. "Can it be possible," he thought, as he walked back to the barracks after having said good night to Rachel—"can it be possible that that fellow Fairfax has made such good running in one afternoon that I haven't a chance! What a ponderous ass I am after all, to let myself be bowled over by a pair of violet eyes, and a voice—how well it goes with mine too! And her father's a music-master in London, Franklin says, and her sister a governess. How the deuce does that fellow find out everything? I never find out anything, and he is nearly always right. Well if he were a sweep, she is a lady every inch, and awfully distractingly pretty! I wonder is this the real thing this time, Harry, my boy, or only another case of 'mock cupid,' as Franklin calls my love affairs. I shall be a better judge when I go to Wimburne, and see what game that Fairfax fellow is up to. By Jove, if I feel at all pokery towards him, I had better get more leave, and give him a fair field. It wouldn't be right to stand in the way of her being 'My Lady'! Hallo! light in Howard's room. They're playing loo, I suppose, like old boots! I'll go to bed; I couldn't stand that fellow again with his goggle eyes and his sugary voice."

Of course it was a libel to say that Fairfax had goggle eyes; but, then, Vaughan was jealous, and therefore prejudiced.

During the week which elapsed between the morning he spent at The Lodge and the day fixed for the assembling of the guests at Wimburne Priory, Vaughan did not see Rachel Scott. He called several times at The Lodge, but always found Miss Russell alone, and it was during one of these visits that he heard from her what rumor, in the person of Captain Franklin, had told him before, namely: that Miss Scott's father really was a music-master, and had for years been known

by no other name than that of Scotelli—the poor man had *Italianized* himself to pander to the popular British prejudice that no one but an Italian could teach music.

Miss Russell had a motive in telling the son of her old friend the parentage of the pretty and thoroughly ladylike girl, whom he met in the "best set" in W—, and whom he so evidently admired. But there were some facts connected with the modest household of the Scotellis which Miss Russell did not know. She did not know that Scotelli himself, in addition to his tuition, now sang in the chorus of the Italian Opera, at Covent Garden, and that his daughter—Rachel's elder, and equally pretty, sister—but what she was doing will be told more appropriately in another place.

"She is pretty enough to grace a coronet," was Vaughan's very commonplace remark, when he had heard all Miss Russell had to tell him of the girl, who, from the moment when blushing and frightened at her own boldness she had given him his lost money at the — station, had occupied a prominent place in his thoughts. And then he remembered the viscount's coronet, which might, perhaps, be waiting her acceptance, and wondered if Fairfax also knew about the music-master.

But, if known to him, the fact that Miss Scott's father and sister earned by hard work the bread which they ate, did not seem to affect Mr. Fairfax more than it affected Harry himself, for when the latter entered the drawing-room at Wimburne Priory before dinner, when the week had passed, and all the guest-chambers at the hospitable old mansion were full, the first thing he saw was Fairfax standing beside Rachel's chair. He was even leaning with one hand upon the back of it, as he bent over to whisper to her in that flatteringly confidential manner of his.

How pretty she was looking, dressed in white, with blue ribbons, so quiet with all her animation, so thoroughly ladylike, so perfectly at her ease. She did not see Vaughan coming into the room, although she had been looking forward to meeting him with great pleasure, for Fairfax had a way of what I may call absorbing any woman to whom he addressed himself. He claimed the attention of voice, ear and eye, and Rachel would not have been what she was—a very pretty, and a very young, woman—if she had not been flattered by his attentions, and his undisguised admiration. But she could not tell, that as he talked to her, and gave her the full benefit of long, eloquent glances from his languishing eyes—Rachel did not call them "goggle"—he was trying to remember of whom it was that she reminded him so strongly.

"By Jove!" he said, at last, as it flashed across him; but he made the sudden exclamation to himself.

Mr. Fairfax being the eldest son of the house, was, of course, obliged to take a lady of more importance than Miss Scott to her to dinner; but he lamented over his hard fate to her in a few telling words, and then saw her conveyed by Major Howard without a pang.

The young lady herself was not so well pleased. In default of Fairfax, she would have liked Vaughan, whom she regarded as quite an old friend; but there he was, quite at the far end of the table, chatting very pleasantly with Julia Fairfax, and she felt quite sure that she should never be able to talk to the man with the grizzly mustache, who looked as if he thought her merely a child.

And Major Howard, having the power of reading character with little more than a glance out of those piercing eyes of his, saw at once that Rachel was not satisfied, and he debated with himself, while drinking his soup, whether he could make some amends to her by being agreeable. And whether it made up to her or not for her disappointment, he decided that he would be agreeable; or, rather, that he would find out what she was made of. Somewhat to his surprise, for he had a low opinion of the mental endowments of women, and especially of pretty young women, he found that Rachel could say a little more than "yes" and "no," and she looked so bright, and laughed so merrily at his quaint and cynical remarks, that he ended by being quite delighted with her.

Later in the evening, when the gentlemen followed the ladies to the drawing-room, he sat at a small table, away from all the rest of the company, apparently engrossed by one of poor Leech's volumes; but in reality he was watching the little drama being played before him. He made comments to himself somewhat after this fashion:

"Ha! I knew it. Fairfax is going in for the slaughter of another innocent! What the deuce is Vaughan about, that he does not try what a little pluck would do, if he really is spooney on the girl, as Franklin says he is? She is a nice little thing, an uncommonly nice little creature, and it is a thousand pities to see her philandering with that man, who hasn't as much heart as a spider, and, of course, she'll fall desperately in love with him; he's just the sort of man to go down with women. I don't know why they like him, but they do. If I were to tell all that I know of that man's private life out here to this goodly company, I wonder what they would say? Take his part, of course, and just make as much of him as they did before; and there isn't one of those girls that wouldn't marry him! They rather like a scamp, I think. Suppose I were to go up and ask him how Mrs. Villiers is? how all the little Villierses are? Poor little girl! If I had met some one like you instead —," he ground his teeth at that point, and was silent for a moment—"I might not have been the unbelieving dog about women that I am now. How pleased she seems—oh, yes! she is blushing, and looking down. I thought so—no woman under thirty could meet that glance of his unabashed. What is going to happen now? Grand divertissement? Vaughan approaches, Fairfax looks aggrieved, Rachel smiles up at him—come, I like that; the game's not lost yet."

It was as Howard had said. Fairfax and Rachel were sitting decidedly *tête-à-tête*, and Vaughan having grown tired of the Hon. Julia, went to ask Rachel to sing.

"With pleasure," she said, smiling up at him.

"But if some one else would sing first. It is really formidable before so many."

"My sisters will, I am sure," said Fairfax, in his languid manner; "do, Vaughan, ask them, like a good fellow; if Miss Scott begins, no one will venture on a note after her. Ah! there is Julia getting up, and you, Vaughan, as in duty bound, must go and turn over the leaves for her; I shall have the honor of taking Miss Scott to the piano by-and-by."

Fairfax settled himself back into his chair, and Vaughan felt that he was checked. Rachel was really sorry to see how vexed he looked; but she could not call him back to tell him so.

"You are not angry with me, I hope, for taking upon myself to say when you were to sing?" said Fairfax, as the young man turned away. "Of course, I know I cannot expect to prolong this, to me, too pleasant *tête-à-tête* the whole evening, but—"

"I daresay you will be very glad to end it yourself, by-and-by," interrupted Rachel, in a rather blunt manner. "I do not think that my conversation can really interest you."

"If you were any other girl in the world, I should say you wanted me to compliment you," he returned; "no, I shall not wish to end this, or any other *tête-à-tête* with which Miss Scott may honor me. But I must not be selfish; I cannot hope to keep you always to myself; but you do not know how refreshing it is to me to meet with one so delightfully unspoiled as you are; you have never lived in that world in which I am obliged to spend so much of my time, so that you can have no idea of the shame which surround me at every step. The first moment I saw you I felt that you were different from every other woman I knew."

Rachel laughed. "You do not believe me?" he said, reproachfully.

"I was not thinking whether I believe you or not. I was only thinking that it would not require a witch to see the difference between me or any country young lady and one of your fine London belles! The very fashion of our dresses, the make of our boots and gloves—"

"The difference of which I spoke was of far more importance than the make of a dress, or of a boot," interrupted Fairfax, gently. "I did not suspect you of satire, Miss Scott. Did Major Howard give you a lesson during dinner? You seemed to be enjoying yourself very much. I confess, as I escorted that magnificent dowager to whom hard fate assigned me, I thought—I hoped—that you would have considered your fate hard also."

"Why?" asked Rachel, really puzzled. She had no experience whatever in the ambiguous style of love-making into which Fairfax was beginning to steal.

He sighed deeply before he returned, in a voice whose reproachful sadness touched Rachel just as he intended it to do.

"Do not ask me why, Miss Scott, for I cannot tell you—ah! if I could hope that your own heart would ever supply an answer."

Rachel felt her color rise, and involuntarily she began to play with her watch-chain, that refuge for embarrassment with very young girls.

(To be continued.)

ACROSS THE CONTINENT. THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

SIGHT-SEEING is proverbially hard work, and few undergo more severe and continuous toil than the conscientious tourist. This remark is as true underground as it is above; but we had our little oasis in the desert. We enjoyed small stoppages occasionally, which were as grateful to us as a five-barred rest in a difficult concerted piece is to an energetic and perspiring fiddler, who has been trying to do justice to his score. These halts were usually ordered by the artist, whose practiced and appreciative eye perceived some object of interest and something so strikingly novel, that he deemed it worthy of a place in his sketch-book, until he had deftly limned his quarry and metaphorically brought down his prey with his penciled shaft and put it in the game-bag of his cardboard. We could no more proceed than a battalion on the field of battle, without the word of command from its brigade officer. During the time thus consumed, we got into the way of gathering round the sketch-book, which became as gossip a centre as the hall of a leading hotel on the eve of an election, or the park surrounding the Congress Spring of an afternoon in the season at Saratoga. We talked and chatted without any preconceived design, but as if we thoroughly understood that it was the proper thing to do, and we wished to convey to the guide the impression that we were old stagers and quite at home in mines, in fact, that we knew all about them and rather liked being down in one than otherwise, our free, easy and off-hand manner was intended to induce him to believe that all we were going through was mere child's play, and that we had seen nothing very wonderful after all. One raconteur, bolder and harder than the rest, boasted of his experience in Mexico, where he had been captured by brigands and condemned to work at an incredible depth in some unknown mine until he escaped during the confusion attending an explosion; but as this gentleman was connected with the San Francisco Press, his story did not receive that amount of credence which would otherwise have been accorded to it. The guide was not inclined to be talkative, but as he was a well-informed man we drew him out and were able to gather a few grains of fact from the chaff of conversation. He had been a long time in Nevada, his father was one of the celebrated '49-ers, and he himself was born on the Pacific slope; his relations had been pioneers, who had helped to open up this continent which they firmly believed to be one vast bonanza of immeasurable wealth. They had worked in the gold places of California as well as the gold and silver lodes of Nevada. "Look at this little State," he said. It is only possessed of an area of 112,000 square miles. Its population is but 54,000, and yet this year its production of silver has been \$50,000,000. If you want gold, you will find it all along the Pacific coast from Frozen River to the Colorado and the borders of Sonora, and from the eastern foot-hills of the Rocky Mountain range to the blue waters of the ocean. You can find gold right here, too, under your feet,

all around you. It is united with silver in quartz and other rock in the Comstock; frequently from one-third to two-fifths of the value of the precious metals consists of gold. The actual proportion of weight is, of course, much smaller, scarcely ever exceeding 3 per cent. of the whole, as 3 per cent. of gold in a silver bar would make it value 51 gold to 97 silver. On the coast silver has been principally found in the great basin or series of tablelands that spread from the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada to the western flanks of the great Rocky Mountain chain. It is seldom found in a native state, but principally in a rock combined with gold, or in ore combined with lead, forming then what is known as argentiferous galena. Its production is therefore principally confined to the States of Nevada and Colorado and the Territories of Utah and New Mexico. He had gone through the varied experience of washing for gold and mining for quicksilver, which latter industry has fallen off very much lately. In his dislike to the Chinese he was vigorous and pronounced. He declared that they would work for nothing and live upon nothing; by this he meant that they reduced their expenses to a minimum. "Why, sir," he said, "they would come to a claim that we had worked out and abandoned. Making their camp, they'd wash our dust over again and get something out of it. I've seen them cut up a dead dog and make a stew out of it, and a sewer rat is a delicacy to them. A heathen Chinese is not fit to live on our continent. If you were to ask me about their manners and customs, I should say that manners they have none, and their customs are simply beastly. Talk about Hoodlums! What makes our young men hoodlums! I answer, Chinese cheap labor. The Chinese cut down the wages, and, by monopolizing the work, take the bread out of the mouths of the whites south of the West. Thank goodness we don't have them here. I believe if I saw a Chinaman in the mine I should go for him with a pick, and you wouldn't find a jury in Virginia City to bring it in murder either."

A COOLING PLACE.

An agreeable draft of air came along the passage in which we were, and our attention was attracted by a miner who was sitting down, enjoying the full benefit of the cooling current. "Taking it easy, friend?" we observed. "Why shouldn't I?" was the reply. "A man ain't a machine, is he? Can't oil his joints and run him by steam night and day, can you?" This proposition was so unanswerable that we did not attempt to contradict it. "I wouldn't mind changing places with you," we continued. "You won't say that, colonel," he answered, "when you sit down to dinner at the International, where I guess you're hanging out your sign—fine hotel, ain't it? Ha, ha! time's changed, that's certain. I came on here in '59, and then there was but three houses in Virginia City. The first frame house ever built here was run up by Jimmy Hickman that winter, and cruel cold it was too. He located it on A Street, between Union and Taylor. We had a touch of a gentle zephyr the following May, and that took the roof off. Lord, how Jimmy did cuss. Then Johnny Connell built the first International Hotel on the corner of B and Union. They made it of lumber-ship sawed down in six-mile cañon, and, hang me, if Johnny didn't go and saw the planks himself. It was one story high and had a bar-room, dining-room, and about a dozen lodging rooms, 's well 's I can recollect. We didn't have no mahogany furniture, nor no walnut, yet the first day Connell opened he took in \$700—fact, stranger, and I can bring yer to them as 'll bear me out in what I say. In '62 Johnny and Paul, his pardner, concluded to draw stakes, and they packed up the hotel in two wagons and moved to Austin, where I'm blamed if it ain't standin' to this day. There's some difference between now and then. You've got a fast-class, bang-up boardin'-house, whar you get your hash done up to the queen's taste, and elegant trout from Tahoe. P'raps you don't believe an old times rocks like me, but the boys 'll tell yer I was prospectin' in these parts when we had to stop in the sage-bush on the mountain side, and look mighty spy for fear the Indians 'ud come and steal our blankets. Yes, and I've lived in a 'hole in the wall.' What's that? Why the weather was so durned rough that even the toughs couldn't stand it, and we were obligated to dig holes in the hill-side and creep into them for warmth's sake. I've seen a hole in the wall, south of Tom Buckner's house, whar the engine-house now stands, in which were two billiard tables and room for twelve men. I tell you, a chap's got to house somewhere when there's five foot of snow on the hills." During our progress through the mines it was not at all unusual to see a man overcome by heat and work, and cooling off was a process of recuperation absolutely essential. As we have had occasion to observe before, it is not within the endurance of the strongest nature to pick the ore for more than about half an hour at a time, the labor being excessively severe in such a temperature. We rather liked the atmospheric pressure, but then we were Sybarites, moving about of our own sweet will and regulating our locomotive rate according to our fancy. Our friend who was cooling off with the others, being of a communicative turn, and having a mind well stored with local items of interest, we encouraged him to talk, not that he needed much persuasion, and we learned that the Consolidated Virginia Mine is in the same section with the California, and that the two cover 1,310 linear feet, lying between the Ophir on the north and the Beat and Belcher on the south. It was formerly divided into six company claims, viz.: The Central, California, Central No. 2, the Kinney, the White and Murphy and the Tides. The first important mineral discovery made on the Comstock lode occurred in the Ophir, near the boundary line, between that and the Mexican claims, whence the ore body ran north 175 feet and south 240 feet. It was of zonal form, and went down 600 feet, its maximum breadth being 18 feet. This was known as the Ophir Bonanza, and served to bring the great Washoe lode into notoriety, and thus inaugurate the era of silver mining in the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains. "I could tell you a heap of things," continued our informant; "for I've known every-one West worth knowing, from Comstock to old Zip Coon. I ought to write a book, I did, but I ain't got the haug of the pen, somehow. I can talk, but darn my hide if I can write. Queer, ain't it. You've saw Gold Hill; that's whar the 'rioters' live—the lucky speculators, the bosses, and chaps that have made their pile. I knowed the first locators of Gold Hill. There was Johnny Bishop, Aleck Henderson—he was the original smart Aleck—'Old Virginny,' Vigneau Comstock, Camp, Sandy Bowers, Joe Plateau, and a chap named Rogers, who'd been a Mormon, but didn't cotton to the Saints, and so drew stakes and run for the Hills. Bishop and Camp located the present Yellow Jacket, which was a queer name they got from the Australian diggings. This was April, '59. I've heard that the name 'Yellow Jacket' first came from the prospectors comin' across a nest of wasps; but yer can't tell how half of them get to be christened. It's the fancy of the locators that does it. I once named a claim the 'Ann Eliza'—that was after my gal. She's dead an' gone, now;

so's the claim. The miners came in fast 'bout this time, and we had to put up a shanty for them. Jessup, of the Ophir, turned in and helped. After it was finished Jessup and Tides sat down to play a game of cards for drinks. They quarreled over the cussed bits of painted paper, and Tides cut Jessup with a bowie. This was May, '59. I ought to know, because I was thar, and saw the cuttin' done, and was one of the witnesses at the trial. Tides was taken to Carson; it was called Eagle Valley then, but nothin' war done to him. The boys did not want him hurt, and he went free. Jessup's was the first death on Gold Hill. Have there been many since? Well, I reckon. After the death of Jessup, and while the boys were over in Eagle Valley with Tides, Reilly and McLaughlin jumped his claim, and that's how they got the credit of being the first discoverers of the Comstock." It appears that the Comstock claim has received several names; at least the name Ophir was given it; yet the lode is generally known as the Comstock, this person being the only one who was fortunate enough to achieve immortality as the discoverer, though many have been anxious to stand godfather to it. As a matter of fact, if the lode should have been called after the first discoverers, it ought to be known as the "Grosch" lode, as the brothers of that name located claims for themselves and others thereon long before the days of Virginia and Gold Hill dawned on the mining public. During a period of twelve years, from 1859 to 1871, no very thorough exploration was made of this group of claims, the deepest shaft put down upon them—that on the Central—having attained no greater depth than 620 feet. The owners of the California, the Tides, and the White and Murphy claims, several years before, incorporated a company under the name of the Consolidated Virginia, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, divided into 10,000 shares of the nominal value of \$100 each. This shaft reached a depth of 400 feet. In 1873 the shaft had attained a depth of 600 feet, while the drift being brought in from the Gould and Curry had been well advanced. Though driven outside and nearly 30 feet to the east of the ledge, this drift had already cut numerous quartz stringers and small bunches of ore, indicating the presence of heavy mineral deposits to the west; by the 11th of March the entire face of this drift was in ore of fair grade, this stratum on being afterwards cross-cut proving to be here about 15 feet thick. Early in the month ore extraction at the rate of 23 tons daily began. This ore milled about \$44, averaging from \$50 to \$100 per ton. In time the daily ore extraction exceeded 200 tons, and the monthly shipments of bullion had risen to a quarter of a million of dollars. In 1873 the California Company was organized, the Virginia management conveying to them the California claims. To show the fluctuation of the stocks we may mention that in January, '74, the shares were quoted at \$85; in October they went up to \$110, and by the close of the year Consolidated stock was sold in San Francisco for \$580 per share!

CHANGING SHIFT IN THE 1,600-FOOT LEVEL.

Leaving our loquacious friend to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* while gentle zephyrs, specially manufactured by the management for his delectation, fanned his heated brow, we made another start, and, turning a corner, abruptly came upon the shaft. Here the operation we had witnessed on our landing at the 1,550-foot level was being repeated 50 feet lower: the men were changing the shift. On one side of the shaft men were coming down to perform their share of work, while others who had completed theirs were preparing to go up on the other. Fearlessly and with alacrity they stepped on the cage, and, presto! they vanished from our sight, like phantoms which people the silent night, disappearing before the orb of day, which, stealing in through the chamber-window, brings relief to the disordered fancy of the victim of insomnia. No doubt they could already see the fire burning brightly on the hearth, the midday meal smoking on the table, and the happy faces of wife and children waiting to welcome once more the bread-winner to the bosom of his family, though his stay will there be but brief, and the subterranean caverns will yawn for him again ere the hand on the clock has made many revolutions.

Elegant English.

"ELEGANT ENGLISH," that is, fine words used to please the ear rather than to affect the mind, is, in the opinion of Mr. Richard Grant White, one of those little miseries of life from which we should pray to be delivered. "One of the curses of the day is," he writes, "that everybody wishes to be elegant—elegant meaning fine, showy and expensive." But elegance in language is not so much sought after now as it was in the days of our fathers. The present tendency is to simplicity of speech, and to clear, strong utterance of thought. A person who is deliberately elegant is generally thought to exhibit pedantry, or to indicate his social and intellectual inferiority. Mr. White tells of a woman called in to do a small job of housework, who said to her employer that "she and her child'n had been awful sick; but they went into the country, and they resuscitated dreadful." A farmer's wife once asked a guest at the table if she should "assist him to some sass." Those who speak "elegant English" always choose a longer in place of a shorter word, avoid idioms, and "talk in sentences that have an air of being uttered to be parsed." On the other hand, those who speak the best English prefer words of purely English origin to those derived from the Latin, short words to long ones, and, in the felicitous words of Mr. White, take no thought of their speech, either in the words they use, the pronunciation, or the construction of their sentences. The mastery of their mother tongue has come to them from association, from social and intellectual training, and from an acquaintance with the writings of the best authors.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Mr. Stanley at the Hot Springs of Mitagata.

One of our foreign pictures represents the Stanley Expedition at an African watering-place, the Hot Springs of Mitagata. "At the time I visited Mitagata," says Mr. Stanley, "there were a number of invalids enjoying the delights of a hot bath free of charge, and secure from criticism. Some of the men, with their heads resting on the warm banks, were up to their chins in the pool, while one arm held the pipe with which they indulged themselves in a state of dreamy serenity very seducing. Others sat on the roof of a tree which grew above them to the height of one hundred and fifty feet and more, and let their feet be parboiled. Others again, almost raw, sweltered, and stewed, and perspired, with only the face exposed, over which the steam settled in a thin cloud. Women and children, in the abandon of unfettered nature, asserted their rights to a share of the divine privileges of freedom and liberty, and, with their bodies

unveiled, prepared to descend into the pools, while many a loud scream of laughter at the feminine affectation they displayed were heard as they slowly put their feet in to test the temperature. Bold youths prepared to spring in with a loud splash, as arrogant vigor and immodest young age always behaves in other lands, and guffawed recklessly and noisily at their own audacity, so that when I came in view of this extraordinary and novel scene deep buried in the wooded gorge, I was quite impressed with its wildness and utter disregard of proprieties. On the 14th of February, 1877, Mr. Stanley arrived among the tribe of Bangala or Mangala negroes, who live on the right bank of the Livingstone River in latitude one degree sixteen minutes fifty seconds. Sixty-three canoes met the hardy explorers in the stream, and, without warning, attacked them with muskets and missiles. Stanley immediately returned the fire, allowing his boat to float with the current. The battle lasted from noon to sunset, when, after a floating fight of ten miles, the fierce assailants drew off. This was the thirty-first fight of the expedition, and the last but one.

Henry M. Stanley in London.

On February 7th a brilliant reception was given to Mr. Stanley, in London, by the Royal Geographical Society at St. James's Hall; which edifice was crowded to excess. Among those present were the venerable Dr. Moffatt, Livingstone's father-in-law; Mr. and Mrs. Pocock, the parents of those brave followers of Stanley whose lives were lost during the expedition; Dr. Rae, Colonel and Mrs. Grant, the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, the German Ambassador, Sir Rutherford and Lady Alcock, the Chinese Minister, and many other notabilities. There was a loud burst of acclamation when the Prince of Wales entered, accompanied by Midhat Pasha, the French Prince Imperial, the Duke of Sutherland, Count Münster and the Egyptian Minister. Immediately afterward Mr. Stanley was led forward on the platform by Sir Rutherford Alcock and Sir Henry Rawlinson, and took his seat amid vociferous and continued cheering, which he acknowledged by bowing, without rising from his chair. When Mr. Stanley rose to commence his address there was a renewed outbreak of cheering. Mr. Stanley wore his decorations, as, indeed, did all the principal members of the Society; and the Prince of Wales wore the blue ribbon of the Garter. At the back of the platform were suspended two large charts of Africa: one, of the entire continent; the other, of the region through which the intrepid explorer had made his way; and Mr. Turner, the cartographer, assisted the lecturer by pointing out the places as they were successively referred to. Mr. Stanley, who spoke in a vivacious and dramatic style, was listened to with intense interest throughout, and there were frequently bursts of applause, in which the Prince of Wales several times joined.

Tumult in a Greek Church in Constantinople.

The Encyclical of the Ecumenical Patriarch, ordering the participation of members of the Greek Church who are Ottoman subjects in the service of the new Civil Guard, was read recently in all the Greek Churches of Constantinople. This document, which had been submitted to, and ratified by, the Porte, makes a formal stipulation that no Greek members of the Civil Guard shall be sent to the seat of war at a distance, but shall only be liable for service in the localities to which they respectively belong. Our illustration represents the demonstration made on the part of the Greek community against the Encyclical in question in the church of San Nicholas of Galata. When the priest was on the point of beginning the reading of the circular, the people rushed upon him and wrested the paper out of his hands, calling their patriarch a traitor to Christendom, and protesting at the same time against the incorporation of the Christians in the Turkish military service.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE are 602,019 Master Masons in the United States.

—BOSTON'S new Post Office has already cost over \$4,000,000.

—THE music hall of the Paris Exposition building will seat 6,000 persons.

—IN the last ten years the Methodists have built 4,978 new churches, at a cost of about \$30,000,000.

—THE tide of immigration to Florida is said to be flowing into the eastern and southern portions of the State.

—NOT less than one hundred and thirty-five tons of amber were dug from the amber mines of Prussia last year.

—A BAPTIST chapel is wanted in Athens, Greece. Funds are being raised by the sale of photographs of ancient Greek ruins.

—THE World's Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations will be held this year at Geneva, Switzerland, August 14th to 20th.

—SOVEREIGNS, as issued from the British Mint, weigh 123.27 grains. When by attrition they fall below 122.5 they cease to be a current coin.

—THE population of Rome, which was in 1867 215,573, rose last year to 280,564. From 7,000 to 8,000 soldiers were included in each enumeration.

—A VINE-GROWER in the Gironde has discovered that where strawberries are raised among the vines the phylloxera ceases to trouble. A parasite on the strawberry kills the foe of the grape.

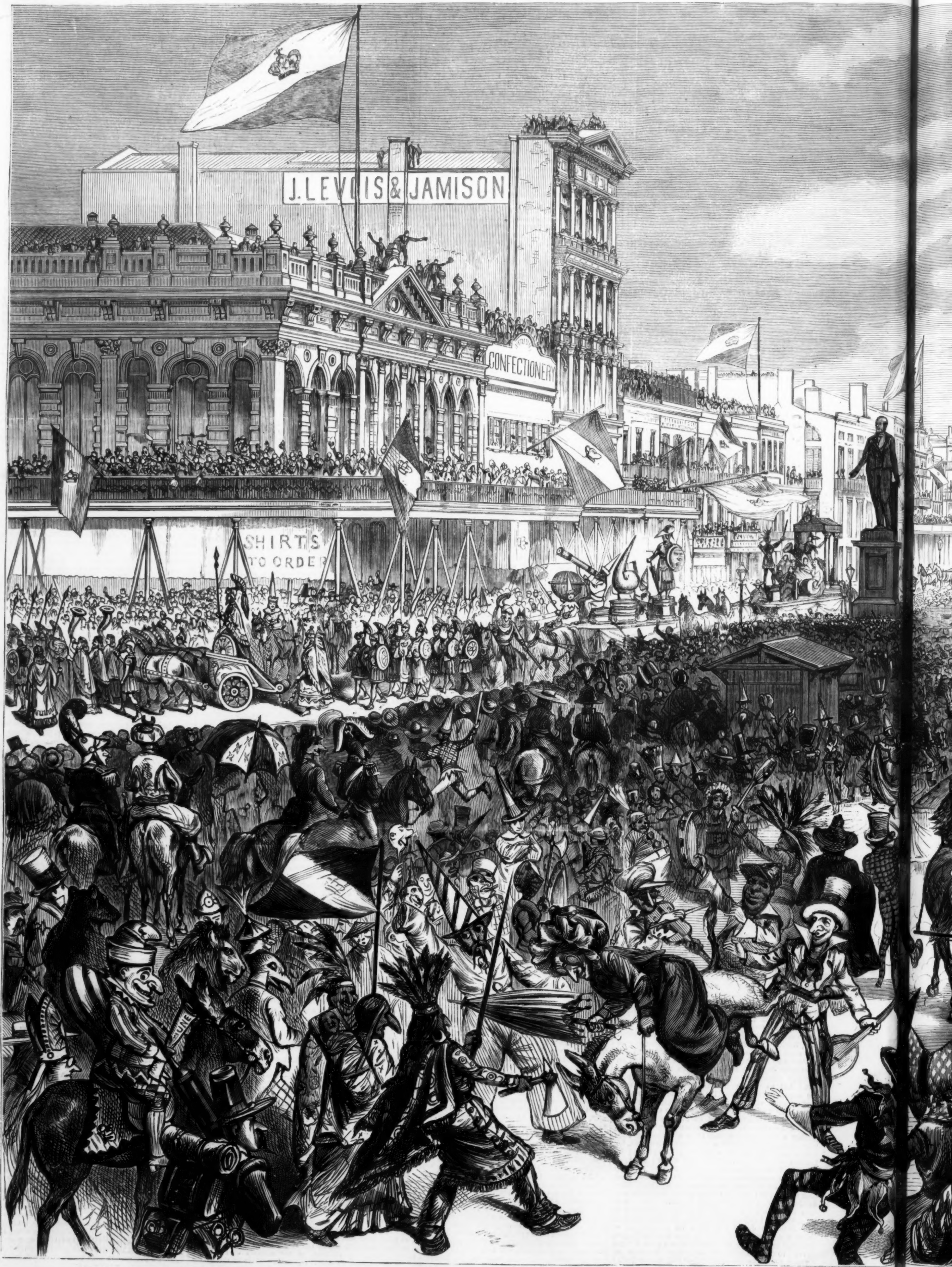
—A VIRGINIA paper says that there is a constant decline in receipts from the bell punch in that State, either because the novelty of having drinks registered has worn off and fewer are taken, or because bar-keepers are learning to evade the law.

—IN speaking of the permutations which take place in the alliances of European States in the course of a great war, Mr. Cobden once said, "You know who is your partner in the first dance, but you don't know with whom you will be dancing at the end of the ball."

—THERE is one use for canceled postage stamps, after all. Catholic missionaries of the Holy Childhood in China and Africa find them in demand for the ornamentation of mosques and the mansions of the wealthy, and in return for a handful of them can procure a baby or child that is christianized. The Rev. Don Giuseppe Maria-Serio, a priest of Naples, is in charge of this singular means of doing good.

—THE threshing-floor has been revived in Spain. A circle some thirty feet in diameter is drawn by means of a stick and string, and the circumference bordered with stones. Over the arena, first well broken by a pick, clay is thickly spread and leveled, and water is turned over the whole surface, which is then beaten smooth by heavy mallets, and left to dry in the sun. These floors are not only used for threshing wheat, but for dancing, and are often the scene of great festivity.

—His text was, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and the dear old Kerry priest preached the sacred duty of pacification with much earnestness. "After all, perhaps," he wound up with, "when a man annoys you, your best course, dear brethren, is to say just nothing at all to him; maybe ye'd say the wrong thing, or what ye'd be sorry for afterwards; so after all, now, I'd have ye just keep quiet and hold your tongues, and, after a pause—" in nine cases out of ten, mind you, you'll just vex him twice as much!"



LOUISIANA.—GRAND MASQUERADE MARDI-GRAS PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW ORLEANS, ON TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1878. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, AND PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN P. ...



THE COLUMN MARCHING PAST THE STATUE OF HENRY CLAY, ON CANAL STREET, AND DEFILEING INTO ST. CHARLES STREET.
PHOTO BY JOHN H. CLARK, NEW ORLEANS.—SEE PAGE 50.

"FAREWELL."

FAREWELL! I thought you loved me once—that dream is past for ever!
 Farewell! I must forget you now; that is, I must endeavor.
 From all your vows of constancy I set you free henceforth.
 And you needn't try them on again, I know now what they're worth.
 You have quite ceased to care for me; with Science you've been bitten.
 Since you read that very stupid book that Mr. Darwin's written.
 I can't think what it signifies; I'm sure I never wondered.
 Whether we all descended from one "Type" or a hundred.
 If you remained unaltered, I shouldn't care the least About the variability of any bird or beast;
 But you carry out the principle of change and variation.
 So I leave you to your Science—may it prove a consolation!
 I call it such a waste of time, bothering about these things,
 Racking one's brains to find out why opossums haven't wings.
 Of course it's very curious spiders should live on flies,
 And that the tails of peacocks should be so full of eyes.
 Of course, it's all most interesting, there's not a doubt about it.
 But I think that you and I, dear, were happier without it.
 So I act on this idea of Natural Selection.
 And beg of you to accept of my definite rejection.
 Yet the light of all my life is quenched; my happiness gone by;
 I sha'n't "struggle for existence"; I shall just lie down and die.
 Each hour I live apart from you my misery increases,
 And it's all through Mr. Darwin and his "Origin of Species."

A FLIRT'S FAILURES.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"DO you know her story?" Jack Parlyby said, nodding his head in the direction of a graceful-looking woman who was riding slowly past us at the moment. "She's had her chances, if you like," he went on, without waiting for my answer; "had them, and missed them, and made an awful muddle of her own life, and of the lives of a good many fellows, who were foolish enough to be fond of her."

"Were you one of those fellows, Jack dear?" I asked, demurely, for Jack and I were recently engaged; and, after the manner of recently engaged people, we were both in the habit of avowing that our hearts had never spoken on behalf of any one else, previous to the discovery that we were born for one another.

He laughed, in some confusion, I thought, and did not speak for a few moments. Then he proposed that we should stroll on, or, rather, he suggested that, "as Kate Coningsby will have turned by this time, let us meet her, and you can have a good look at her, Helen."

"Tell me about Kate Coningsby, Jack," I said, coaxingly; "is she married or single, happy or unhappy? I've never heard you speak of her before."

"I'll tell you all I know," he said, rather sadly; and then we paused, for the subject of our conversation was cantering up close to us. At the same instant she caught sight of Jack, and, reining her horse in close to the railings, she held her hand out to him cordially, with the words:

"Mr. Parlyby! I'm delighted to see you again after these long years."

"The years have been very kind to you," he said, admiringly, and I didn't wonder at his saying it, for she was smiling and flushed now; and even I, who had not caused the smile and flush, saw that her face was a charming one.

"Perhaps the years have been kinder than I deserve," she said; "but tell me about yourself. Are you —?"

"Not married yet, but going to be in a week or two," Jack interrupted, hurriedly; and then he introduced me, and she bent a kind, sweet, earnest gaze upon me, and told me:

"I was going to marry one of the best men in the world."

She did not remain with us for more than a minute after this, and during that minute a greater number of expressions chased each other over her face than I ever saw on a woman's face before. Gayety and sadness, delight at something ridiculous, depression about something of which I had no knowledge, interest in Jack and me, indifference about everything, impatience at being detained by us—these and a dozen other feelings were legibly written in her speaking, brown eyes and on her nervously flexible mouth, before she went away from us.

"What a winning woman!" I exclaimed, rapturously, for I was proud of not seeming to be jealous.

"Winning! Ay, that she is; as great a winner, as she is at losing," Jack said, meditatively. "If you like, I'll tell you her story one day—all I know of it myself, and all I've heard from other people; she has been a famous flirt, and an almost equally famous failure."

"Flirts deserve to fail," I said. "A woman who flirts must be heartless and unscrupulous, and—and—everything that's bad."

"Kate Coningsby is neither heartless nor unscrupulous, nor anything that's bad," Jack said, warmly. And I deemed it wise not to question him further, just then, about this pretty, interesting woman, in whose face so many stories of by-gone storms were written.

But one day shortly after this he referred to her himself, and told me her story, which I shall repeat, nothing extenuating and setting down naught in malice, in his own words, as nearly as I can recollect them.

"About fifteen or sixteen years ago, Kate Coningsby was as light-hearted, loving, happy, and frank a creature as could be found with in the borders of the county in which she had been

brought up. Her father was an inspecting commander in the coast-guard service, and her home was in a remote country village on the seaboard. The only neighbors the Coningsbys had, who could be considered as at all belonging to their own grade, were the families of the rector and of the one farmer of the parish. Their visiting was, as you may suppose, strictly limited by circumstances, and Kate grew up without any girl companions of her own class, and with an intense love for every kind of country sport or pastime. Her two brothers were her only friends and comrades. With them she would go out ridding and rabbiting, or pulling about the narrow, muddy creek in their little flat-bottomed duck-boats. While the boys were at home, Kate asked for nothing better than their companionship and confidence. And they gave both to her largely, for she was as plucky as the pluckiest boy, and absolutely innocent of every kind of feminine meanness or caprice. But when it came about that the boys went out into the world, and she had no longer their holidays to look forward to, then the dreariness and loneliness of the solitary life told on the girl's excitable nature, and caused her to pant for change, change of any sort, as a relief to the monotony of her life. She was just about sixteen when she got the change she sighed for. She was asked to be a guest in the house of a brother-officer of her father's, who was stationed in a small seaport town about seven miles from her village home. And there she went, and there she began to try her wings. In other words, a young soldier-officer, who happened to be staying with another family in the neighborhood, got hold of her one night at a dance, and gave her a few lessons in the fine art of flirtation. She proved herself an apt pupil, and used her just-developed talents to such good purpose that, when he found other fellows were beginning to admire her, he forgot that he had only intended amusing himself with this bird of freedom. Accordingly, at the end of a fortnight, he proposed to her, and she went home engaged.

"He was a good-looking, well-set-up fellow, I've heard; and he was a man of good family, and had a 'pretty name,' as Kate argued in extenuation of her own folly in fancying herself in love with him. But he was a *roté*, and a heartless rascal all round. In the country an engagement compromises a girl considerably, and in Kate's case she compromised herself even unnecessarily. Her father objected to and would not countenance the engagement, and the spoilt child defied him, and fancied herself a heroine of romance for a few weeks. During these weeks she met her lover rashly whenever he asked her to do it; and paraded her love for him, and a dog he had given her, all over the place. At the end of those weeks, to the delight of her family and the girl's own intense mortification, he jilted her for a stranger; and in her eagerness to show people that she was not wearing the willow, she went in for what looked like desperate love-making with the younger brother of an earl who came as a farming pupil for a year with Mr. Warden, one of Coningsbys' two neighbors."

"He was a young, passionate, honorable fellow, and he offered himself and his prospects openly enough on the shrine of the young goddess who had caught his boyish fancy. But the burat child dreaded the fire. The fellow who had jilted her had done her even a greater injury than this—he had taught her to distrust all men. She liked this young Gerald Hazelton, was pleased and proud of being the object of his ardent pursuit, and showed all the pride and pleasure she felt without any attempt at concealment. But she had no faith in his protestations, no belief in his love, any more than her own having any lasting power, and no scruples about making herself agreeable to every other man who came across her path."

"It seems that Hazelton grew enraged at last, and used strong language in remonstrating with her—language such as only a jealous, undisciplined boy could permit himself to use. He allowed her to see his weakness, in fact; and she, being armed with indifference, fancied herself the stronger of the two, and told him, with something very like childish insolence, that 'as it was never well the gray mare should be the better horse,' they had better make an end of their compact. He took her at her word—a little to the young coquette's surprise. And so a second time before she was seventeen Kate Coningsby was the heroine of a broken engagement. She got a good deal of blame from some people, and a good deal of pity from others, and she accepted both blame and pity in a graciously gay way that made the majority sorry that they had proffered either to her. If she shed any tears over the downfall of that basket of eggs no one was a bit the wiser; and it is recorded of her that though she was perfectly satisfied with the way she had played her own part in the genteel comedy, she would never have a word of anything like censure applied to Hazelton. She showed herself to be without fear, and she declared him to be without reproach."

"How it might have been with her if she had been compelled to stay in the neighborhood I don't know, but just at this juncture her father was appointed to a post in a large naval establishment in a garrison town. It was an awful place for her to be put in, but she went there radiant, and soon reigned as Queen of the whole brigade. She was just learning her power, and it came into play very prettily, as it seemed at first; for she was not only young, but brighter, and fairer and truer, we all fancied, than any of the other girls of the place. We admired her for the unconventional freedom of a manner that was always well-bred, and for the fearlessness that led her to let a fellow see that she liked him, and enjoyed winning his liking in return, without any thought of marriage or humbug in the business. In fact, Kate Coningsby made herself our friend and comrade."

"There were four of us assistant-surgeons on the staff of the establishment at the time, all young, and all Irishmen into the bargain. I don't think that it had ever occurred to Kate—who is an Irishwoman—to pride herself very much upon her nationality until she fell in with us. But liking us, and discovering with her sex's unfailing instinct that we liked her equally well in return, she let the compatriotship pave the way to one of those delusive intimacies that begin

in friendship safely enough, but that slide off into love before you know where you are."

"She was so jolly and frank with us all, never playing one off against the other, or attempting to make the one that might be present with her believe that she preferred him to any one of the three who were absent, that the Irish team became a proverb for its loyalty to her, and for the admirable way in which the four were 'One for all—all for one.' I believe that we should have borne individual disappointment in the matter blithely enough, and rejoiced in the victor's success, if she had married any one of the Irish team. But before we had time to put it to the touch, a Captain Lennox came to stay with his uncle, the governor of the place, and from the time his figure appeared on the canvas, we saw that the bonnie Kate might be comrade and friend still, but never more than that to any one of us."

"He was a good-looking, tawny-mustached, well-set-up fellow, this Lennox, a good type of the aristocratic Englishman; and Kate didn't see in him at the time what the rest of us saw very clearly—that he was rather inclined to fancy his position in the place, and give himself overbearing airs to the other men. The fact of it was, that the curse of 'the quarter-deck system' in the service pervaded the whole social atmosphere of the establishment to a pernicious extent. And though Kate hadn't a bit of it about her, and by virtue of her popularity was quite beyond its influence, still she was blind to the fault she despised when it developed in Lennox, and she let him monopolize her, and grew into a kind of fellowship with him that separated her from us, her older friends, in a great measure, and for the first time caused us to call our favorite a flirt."

"But there was no flirtation in the matter in reality. It came upon both the man and the girl that they were very much in earnest as soon as his regiment got the route for India. She would have gone with him on his pay—for he had nothing else, poor fellow—gladly enough, and he would have taken her as gladly; and if they had followed their own impulses Kate would have been a happier woman this day, and Lennox might have been alive. But his friends pointed out the folly of it, and her friends pointed out the folly of it, and the end of it was that he went away without her."

"She wouldn't show a sign of the pain she felt to any one of her rivals in the place, who were watching for the evidence of weakness. But she told me just enough to convince me that her heart had gone with Lennox. They had their parting on a little tree-shaded bridge that crosses a stream that runs through one of the sweetest little valleys of Kent, and he promised to come back and claim her in a couple of years, and she promised to wait for him; but there was no acknowledged bond between them, and it was decreed that they were not to correspond. 'You see,' she said to me, 'I've none of the honor and glory and importance of an engagement to sustain me, and I sha'n't even have a letter all the while to remind me if I begin to waver; but if I know myself at all I can wait twenty years. And whatever I may seem in reality, I shall hold myself as much bound to Lennox as if I were married to him.' And I believed her then, and I believe her now, for all that has come to pass since then."

Jack paused for a moment, and I could see that his memory was traveling back very tenderly to the day when Kate Coningsby made him her confidant.

"Go on with the Lennox episode—for it was only an episode, I feel sure," I said, gently. "It ended in some other woman coming between them, probably. I should never feel satisfied of the fidelity of any man who left me with such a feeble bond between us. It ended in her being thrown over again, I suppose! Poor Kate!"

"It ended in worse than that," Jack said, sadly. And then he went on to tell me what follows.

CHAPTER II.

"THERE was very little smooth sailing for poor Kate after Lennox left," Jack went on; "the women were always at her mother, telling her what 'a pity it was that Kate should be wasting her time in thinking about a man who had never proposed properly to her father for her, and who would be sure to forget her soon; and some of the younger men from the garrison flattered the girl herself into making an exhibition of indifference, which she did not feel towards her absent lover. But she was a high-couraged young creature in those days, and she trod the thorny path without ever so much as showing that she felt the prickles. So she rode daily with her cavalcade of ill-mounted admirers, and danced with them two or three times a week at the military balls and assemblies, and laughed my advice to scorn, when I used to tell her that Lennox would hear of it, and not like it."

"You know how much I love him, Jack," she would say to me, 'but if I abjured all the pomps and vanities, and turned myself into a cricket on the hearth during his absence, I shouldn't be the girl Lennox fell in love with by the time he came back. Don't you be frightened; he trusts me as entirely as I trust him, and if I heard that he rode every morning, and danced every night, with the prettiest woman in the Presidency, I should only be glad that he had such good luck.'

"It was while things were in this state that Captain Coningsby, her father, died; and you know, or you don't know yet, Helen, how everything that has been real and substantial to the 'wife and family' of an officer, becomes unsubstantial and not to be grasped when they are transformed into his widow and orphans. The change is from lively to severe with a vengeance in all cases, but never, perhaps, more thoroughly so than in the case of Kate Coningsby."

"She bore it all like a brick, we all felt that she did; for there seemed to us at the time something heroic in the way in which the poor child stood erect still, under the blow of leaving the handsome home, and parting with the pretty pony. We had seen other families turn out from the place under even sadder circumstances, but we all cursed the parsimony of a service which awarded such a niggardly pension to the mother of Kate Coningsby. But at that time she had the art of bearing every reverse beautifully, and she would have walked into a workhouse gracefully, I believe."

"A month or two after this, I was appointed to a ship that was commissioned for three years to the Mediterranean, and the last I saw of Kate, till the other day, was her settling down in a little house in a London suburb with her mother, and beginning to work as an artist for her living. All that I tell you from this point is what I have been told by other people, but I know that it's all true."

"She made headway rapidly as an artist, selling her pictures at good prices as fast as she could paint them. Her style isn't careful or finished at all, but it's always clever and striking. You can't tell exactly what it is that pleases you in her dashing sketches of modern life; it's as undefinable as the delicate aroma of good wine. It's there, and that's about all you can say about it, unless you're an art critic, which I'm not. She was working, you see, with the firm, though unavowed, purpose of making such a name as would insure her an income sufficient to marry Lennox upon; every plan she made tended to that end, and though her intercourse with all the fellows who had been about her before he came was just as frank and friendly as of old, there wasn't a touch of flirtation in it, that every one of them would swear."

"The Coningsbys had moved to quite another part of London from where Lennox's relatives lived, and so she heard nothing at all about him, either directly or indirectly, but she never lost her faith of his intention to come back for her at the end of two or three years. She knew he could find her easily enough when he did come back, and so she worked on in full reliance, never doubting him any more than she deemed it possible he should doubt her."

"She had left a girl-friend behind her, who knew of the understanding that existed between Lennox and Kate, and laughed at it in a cynical way—not ill-naturedly at all, but because she had a fixed idea that Kate had a heart for every man who was present, and not so much as an affectionate memory of the absent one. This girl had said this so often openly to Kate and other people, that she got the idea firmly fixed in her own mind, and in the mind of one or two others; and she carried her conviction so far as to earnestly urge a friend of her own to try his fate with Kate, whom he very much admired. This man was in every respect unsuited to her. He was a scholar—a *savant*, in fact—and his reputation for learning was a grand one. But he was a foreigner, and full of prejudices against the habits and people to which and whom Kate had been accustomed all her life. He fell in love with her, in fact, for her vivacity, and her power, and love of pleasing, and then he tried to knock it all out of her, because it fought with his recollections of the demeanor of the daughters of his own land. But Kate bore a good deal from him, in friendship, at first, on account of that love she always has for talent, and her womanly weakness for success. So somehow it came that their names were coupled together, not maliciously at all, but as a matter of course; and as they were in the same set, and his devotion to her was a palpable thing, it got taken for granted that they were engaged, and some people pitied the grave man of learning a good deal, for having suffered his choice to fall on so notorious a flirt as Kate Coningsby."

"That she was flattered by her conquest over a mind that was infinitely more powerful than her own is a pitiable truth, and she made what even I must admit to be a culpable pretense of rejoicing in the fact of having him in her thrall. She told him about Lennox, and gloried openly enough in her love for him, and his love for her; so that the other man went into the snare with his eyes open, even those who blame her most must confess."

"The awful crash came soon. As I've said, she had never heard anything about Lennox all this while. One day she went to see the young lady who had been the medium of bringing about the latest folly with the foreigner, and after a few remarks on indifferent subjects this girl said to Kate:

"Have you heard—but of course you have—that Captain Lennox has destroyed himself?"

It is useless trying to describe what Kate did, or thought, or felt, when this blow was dealt at her. Though the announcement was made to her in such an apparently heartless and horribly commonplace way, she knew that it was true, and that it was not meant unkindly. Her friend believed that Kate would have no special feeling in the matter, and acted according to her belief. And no one ever knew what Kate's feelings were, for she never spoke of them. A long, agonizing illness followed; and when she came out of it her youth, and brightness, and courage were gone, but she declared that the illness was a fever, and that she had caught it from some one else, and no one could gainsay her."

"Her courage was gone, and now she needed more than ever, for cruel reports were not scarce about the affair, and people who knew nothing at all of the matter conjectured freely about it. It got bruited abroad that poor Lennox had heard all manner of rumors about the girl he meant to have made his wife, and that he cut his throat rather than come home and find himself cheated. Kate went through tortures of humiliation and grief, but she hadn't the sharpest pang of all, 'remorse,' to endure, for she had nothing to be remorseful about. But the whisperings stung her to death nearly, and she grew nervously sensitive about being treated as one on whose hands there was a stain of blood."

"The truth came out at last, and cleared her; but it couldn't do away with the pain, and shame, and sorrow which had been her portion. Something had gone wrong in the regiment about money-matters, and Lennox, who was as honorable and proud a fellow as ever breathed, couldn't stand the shadow of a suspicion that had been cast upon him. It was money, not a woman, that drove him to that doom; but if he had known how that poor girl was made to bite the dust in consequence of his rash act, he would have lived and faced everything, I believe, rather than have left her such a ghastly legacy."

"It's no use pretending that she didn't deteriorate from that time—she did, sadly enough. With her heart bleeding still for the man she had really loved, she pledged her hand to the brilliant scholar who deserved something infinitely higher than Kate had come to be now. But she

was so soft and wounded, so tempest-tossed and shattered, that she could not resist the opportunity of anchoring in any harbor that offered. But it was a wretched day for her when Gollinger declared his love for her; and on on my soul I believe it was a far more wretched day for him.

"He was a man with chivalrous ideas about man's honor and woman's purity, and that very manner of Kate's which had captivated him became a scourge to his back as soon as he regarded her as his own property. According to his idea the fit and proper wife for an honest man was the girl who had never thought of love, much less learnt its meaning, until the honest man bade her belong to him. It was a grievous thing in his eyes that Kate should have loved and been beloved before she ever saw him. It was an even more grievous thing that she would not ignore having done so.

"He was a good man and he was a great man; he had made himself familiar with all languages and studied all creeds, but he knew nothing of women. Kate could not, or at least she did not, resist the fascination of Gollinger's name and fame. For the man himself she had no love, and the bondage grew intolerable to her. Yet she shrank from the thought of giving him up, or of his giving her up, with a shrinking that only a woman whose love-ventures had all failed as hers had can at all understand. She grew afraid of him, for under the guise of a suave and gentle manner he had an intolerant spirit and a difficult temper. He wanted the girl he had chosen for her imperfections apparently, to cast them like an old skin, and develop new and unnatural perfections, that belong to quite another order of womankind, under his auspices. She could far better have stood a downright good rowing from a fellow who would have called a spade a spade, as an Irishman would have done, than she could stand the transcendental twaddle he talked to her. He made out to the girl, you see, that, though he knew better, the rest of the world would deem her purity sullied if she so much as 'got spoken about.' And it's always been Kate's fate to be spoken about. She goaded him into jealousy by showing delight in other people's society when she felt it. And he hadn't the manliness to call it 'jealousy,' but just worried her by declaring that it was all for her sake, and without any consideration for himself, that he spoke.

"He was not a good-looking fellow, nor was he sufficiently plain for his ugliness to be interesting. Therefore, when he jeered at the womanly weakness which made her see more merits than were there in handsome men, and glibed at every man as being brainless who happened to have personal beauty—when he did these things in dulcet tones, Kate saw the littleness of it all, and wasn't the more closely bound to him for the sight.

"The yoke was very heavy to her for several reasons. If she had been romantically in love with him, as she had been with Lennox, she could have borne all the uncertainty and waiting without a word or sign of weariness. But she got to despise herself after a time for her cowardice in holding on to an engagement that galled her, merely because she had made it in a moment of folly. She'd have gone on working like a nigger, and enduring like a woman, if he had clinched the matter and married her then. But he was a cautious customer, and his prudence was so much stronger than his passion, that he spoke of his marriage 'in a few years' time' as an adventurous undertaking which love for her would probably tempt him to embark in. But he held her in such a mental and moral grip the while, that though she panted to fly free from her fetters, she was always held back from doing so by some consideration that might seem impotent to others, but that was as strong as death to her.

"Naturally, though there was an idea floating about that she was engaged to Gollinger, other men didn't hold aloof from her, for her brains gave them a sense of comradeship with her, and her fascinations have always had the power of turning a real or fancied lover into a fast friend. You see she had no real anchorage-ground in this bondage she was in to Gollinger, and so she drifted about, now striking on sunken rocks, and now running foul of other barks, never being completely wrecked, but always coming out of these collisions a trifle damaged. At last, in playing with fire, she got burnt in a way she will never get over; but I think she quite forgave the thoughtlessness of the man who did her the injury, on account of its being the means of freeing her from Gollinger. To cut the story short, she fell in love a second time with a rising literary star, whose genius, being of a brilliant and versatile rather than of a profound order, was much more sympathetic with her than Gollinger had ever been. And taking this man's ardent seeming for reality, she gave herself up to the luxury of following the dictates of her heart concerning him, and broke her engagement in a way that brought universal censure and indignation from even her staunchest friends upon herself, only to find that the man whose words had won her without ever pledging himself, was going to be married to another girl."

"And now," I asked, as Jack paused, "surely the story doesn't end in this way? She looks rather less like a blighted woman than any one I ever saw."

"Who can tell the end?" Jack laughed. "It's scarcely the moral I should wish you to draw from the story of her many follies and miseries, but I must be a veracious chronicler. After all, she is married, and is a very happy wife, and, as she told me yesterday, 'the proudest mother in the land.' But she has the grace to feel that her course has not been a perfectly exemplary one, and to hope that her daughters will not take pattern by it. There's this to be said, however, a woman with flirting blood in her veins will exercise her gifts in that line at some period or other of her life, and perhaps it's just as well that, like Kate Coningsby, she should get it all over before marriage."

Are Small Birds Nuisances?

The longer we live the greater difficulty we find in ascertaining the truth even about the simplest matters of fact. Take the case of the small bird, for example. According to one set of

witnesses they are, in proportion to their size, the biggest thieves imaginable; and, unless thinned off by arguments addressed to them in the shape of lead, they will strip your garden of the choicest fruit and vegetables. According to another set of witnesses, they are, from a gardening point of view, the greatest benefactors imaginable, for they eat millions of destructive insects; and if, after a dinner composed of slugs and hairy caterpillars, they take one of your half-ripe strawberries by way of desert, who such a curmudgeon as to grudge them the relish? Now which of these descriptions are we to believe? We should prefer to believe the latter, which depicts the dickerbirds as such gentlemanlike, considerate little fellows; but we suspect that, as in most other cases, the truth lies somewhere between the extremes, and that our small-feathered friends are neither so black nor so rose colored as they have been painted. It is well known that in France, where at one time small birds were almost extinguished by the merciless war waged against them by bold sportsmen of the type depicted in Seymour's caricatures, insects increased so much as to threaten farmers and gardeners with ruin. It is also worth noting that, where man does not interfere, or interferes only as a feeble savage unprovided with firearms, Nature keeps up the balance of numbers among her various children with an admirable regularity. But when civilized man comes on the scene, he upsets Nature's ingenious arrangements.

Secret Chinese Tribunals.

THE Chinese in California have their own judicial tribunals before which they try and punish offenders in all the grades of crime in the calendar, and some which are not. They have secret organizations known as "Hoeyes," the object of which is to protect their own countrymen from our laws, and to enforce laws of their own making. Their tribunals are held in secret, and they administer such punishment as they see fit. The penalty of death is enforced very often for the most trivial offenses, as, for instance, neglecting to pay a debt. If the culprit is not in custody when the offense with which he is charged is investigated and he is declared to be guilty, then rewards for his assassination are offered, written, of course, in Chinese characters, and publicly posted. It is with great difficulty that Chinese criminals are convicted in the courts. Officers are bribed to release them from custody, and Chinamen witnesses in court will commit perjury to get them clear, in order that they may be tried before their own tribunals. A Chinaman stands in utter fear of telling the truth in court if it should tend to convict, for he knows that the vengeance of his countrymen is such that he is sure to lose his life if he does not aid in defeating the administration of justice before our tribunals. At the same time the Chinese will use our laws before their own tribunals to persecute innocent men, in addition to enforcing their own.

A Greek Wine Myth.

WHEN the Divine Dionysus, says the legend, first brought the vine to Naxia, it was an exceedingly hot season, and the god (or "saint," as the narrator calls him), tearing lest the tender branch should dry up in his hand, stuck it into the hollow of a bird's leg-bone. Under the genial warmth of his divine and thaumaturgic handling, however, the branch thrived at a rapid rate, and it actually began to sprout forth at both ends of the bird's bone. Hereupon Dionysus took a lion's bone, scooped out a sufficient orifice, and thrust the sprouting vine and the case into this new receptacle. In a few hours the vine thrust forth its tendrils at the top and bottom of the lion's bone. Shortly before reaching Naxia the god was lucky enough to find a donkey's thigh-bone, with a very large bore, into which he thrust the vine, the bird's bone, and the lion's bone. As everybody knows, when Dionysus arrived in Naxia he planted his vine, and noble grapes grew upon it, out of which he prepared the very first wine ever tasted by the human race. It was noticed, however, at that time (and the phenomenon still presents itself at this day) that the vine had gathered a certain distinct quality from each of its three successive receptacles. When a man first begins to drink he sings like a bird; when he has drunk a little more he grows stark and fierce like a lion; when he continues drinking he becomes as stupid as an ass.

Funeral Cakes.

IT was once customary in several parts of England for persons in affluent circumstances to distribute "Soul Mass Cakes" among the poor. In return for this charity the recipients were bound to repeat the couplet:

God have your soul, beens and all!

Those cakes were large and of triangular shape, and had to be eaten on All Hallows night. A similar observance obtained at burials, when *anvil-cakes* were distributed with profusion. The North of England folk were most addicted to the practice, so that Moréin, referring to funeral entertainments, remarks, "that to bury a dead wife cost as much as to portion off a daughter." The London Necropolis Company, by its admirable system of interment, which does not necessitate mourners to meet at the late residences of the dead, has done, and is doing much to render the obnoxious custom ultimately obsolete. The practice is clearly traceable to the Greeks, who, on the decease of a person, were wont to give a supper-entertainment known as *perideipnon*, to which Cicero applies the term *circumpotatio*. Dr. Chandler describes a funeral entertainment he witnessed among the natives of Greece. He observed two persons follow the body "carrying on their heads each a great dish of par-boiled wheat," which was "deposited over the corpse." In harmony with this custom St. Gregory asserts that it was a rite approved by the Eastern Church to set boiled corn before the singers of the holy hymns which were chanted at the commemorations of the dead.

Domestic Service in France.

THE general characteristics of French private servants may be said to be activity, cleanly aspect, cheery temper, simplicity, and economy. . . . Adaptability is another great merit of both men and women. They are able and willing to do each other's work. None of them would ever dream of saying, "It's not my place to do it." If there be any reason for it, a cook will clean the drawing-room, a footman will cook the dinner, a lady's maid will black the boots, without any growling, and rather as fun than otherwise. . . . A good man-servant always knows a little of carpentry and upholstery, can mend a broken lock, can sew, can fry and stew, can bottle wine, and make beds, and

dust rooms, as if he had been born for nothing else. The women—most of them, at least—can do all sorts of women's work, have some idea of doctoring and nursing and of the use of medicines, can wash and iron and wait at table. Never was the notion of being generally useful more clearly understood or more gayly practiced than by the better part of the Paris servants, and by country servants almost without exception. And when your household is an old one—when you have had the luck to get together a group who do not quarrel, when the duration of service in your house begins to count by years, when the heart has grown interested on both sides—then you find out what French servants are capable of being. Then, when sorrow comes, when sickness and death are inside your walls, then you get the measure of the devotion which quality can alone produce—then come long nights spent together watching by feverish bed-sides, in mutual anguish and with mutual care; then come tears that are shed together over the common loss, and hands that wring yours with the earnestness of true affection; and afterwards, when you are calm enough to think, you recognize that these servants are indeed your friends.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Honor to Sir William Thomson.—Sir William Thomson has been elected one of the eight Foreign Associates of the Paris Academy of Sciences, to fill the place vacated by the death of Von Baer. This is considered to be the highest compliment that can be paid to a foreigner by the French Academy.

A Fossil Fungus.—An interesting recent discovery has been made by Mr. Washington Smith, in the coal measures, of a fossil fungus nearly allied to that which produces the potato blight. Fossil fungi were not previously altogether unknown, as they are mentioned by Mr. Carruthers and Mr. Darwin, but the new specimen is better developed than any previously described.

Captain Burton in Africa.—Captain Burton, the celebrated African traveler, has started from Suez for Mollah on a second expedition to Midia, accompanied by many Europeans and a large number of native workmen and troops. A depot will be formed at Mollah, in the Gulf of Akaba, and the expedition will extend to the second range of mountains hitherto unexplored. Captain Burton expects to discover a rich mineral country between the two ranges of mountains. He will be absent four months.

Modern Interest in Ethnology.—The great interest at present felt for the study of races is evidenced by the number of works on the subject that have recently appeared. The last number of the German *Ethnological Journal* contains a most valuable and elaborate review of the entire ethnological and anthropological literature of 1876, prepared by Professor W. Kuncer. Over one thousand pamphlets, periodicals and books are referred to, and as few subjects are handled in a greater variety of languages than these in question, the labor of compiling such a report can easily be imagined.

How to Determine the Impurities in Water.—In cases where large quantities of water are used in steam-boilers an analysis of the incrustations will indicate very fully the impurities. Dr. Vohl, of Cologne, has adapted an ingenious method of determining the impurities in the Rhine by analyzing the concentrated residues, as well as the incrustations, of boilers. By this means he has detected the presence of a large amount of arsenious acid in the river water—resulting chiefly from the aniline and dyeing establishments—as well as other poisonous substances. A similar examination of the incrustations in the boilers of Hudson River steamers would prove equally interesting.

Carbolated Camphor.—As a disinfectant and to preserve wool and fur from moths, carbolated camphor has been found to be very effective. A solution of nine grams of carbolie acid is made in one gram of alcohol, and 2.5 grams of powdered camphor are dissolved in one gram of such solution. The mixture has an oleaginous consistency, is pale-yellow, smelling slightly of camphor, but having none of the disagreeable odor of carbolie acid, so that it can be used about the house and on clothing with impunity. European surgeons use it largely on account of its tendency to produce diminution of reaction after severe operations, cessation or amelioration of pain, and less abundant suppuration.

The Electric Light at the Paris Exhibition.—It is understood that during the Paris International Exhibition, there will be tests made of the various methods of lighting streets and buildings with electricity, and the relative value of the different systems will be determined. One division of the Exhibition is to be devoted exclusively to electricity. Although it is conceded that the light afforded by electricity is far superior to any otherwise available, some difference of opinion exists regarding the superiority of the several machines now introduced and the comparative expense. Measures are to be taken to insure the utmost impartiality in the experiment, and the result will be anticipated with great interest.

How to Make a Naturalist.—In Smiles' "Life of Dr. Thomas Edward" occurs the following beautiful passage: "Some one asked Edward what made him a naturalist. 'When I was first asked this question,' says he, 'I was completely dumfounded. I had no notion that a naturalist could be made. What! make a naturalist as you would a tradesman! I could not believe that people became naturalists for pecuniary motives. My answer to those who put the question invariably was and still is, I cannot tell. I never knew of any external circumstance that had anything to do with engendering in my mind the never-ceasing love which I entertained for the universal works of the Almighty; so that the real cause must be looked for elsewhere.' In the opinion of Edward, naturalists, like poets, are born not made."

Fresh Water Fishes.—Dr. D. S. Jordan, the well-known American ichthyologist, has contributed to the *American Naturalist* some of his conclusions derived from long study of the fishes of rivers flowing in different directions. He finds that in the case of rivers emptying into the ocean, the character of the fishes of the upper waters bears little or no relation to the place of discharge. Different species are found on opposite sides of water-sheds. There is often a great difference between the forms in the upper and lower waters of a river. Usually the more southern rivers have the most peculiar and varied faunas. Seventy species have been taken in the Little White River at Indianapolis, representing forty-eight genera, twice as many as occur in all the rivers of New England.

Steam on Canals.—Steam was used on the Erie Canal during the year 1877 to a considerable extent. Besides the cable boats plying on the section of the canal between Buffalo and Tonawanda, tugs and regular steamers have been running all the season. Some of the tugs came from Lake Champlain, Troy and even from Baltimore. They went east a number of times with tows of from two to four boats each. Four steamers, propelled by their own machinery, made five round trips between Buffalo and New York during the season. It is reported by the owners of these boats that the steamers worked well, and established the entire practicability of steam transportation on the canals of the State of New York. Perhaps in this way it may be possible to revive transportation on canals, which has been declining of late.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALFRED TENNYSON is the sixteenth poet-laureate of England.

M. PICTET, the liquefier of the gases, is but thirty years old.

GEORGE ELIOT has cleared \$200,000 on "Daniel Deronda."

GENERAL ROBERT TOOMBS, of Georgia, indorses Commissioner Le Duc's tea-growing scheme.

THE Prince of Wales is said to be the handsomest man in London, when he has his hat on.

SENATOR JONES, of Nevada, has a model of a palace railroad car made of silver and plate glass.

Kossuth is firm in his belief that the Turks have been fighting for the independence of Europe.

THE rumor is revived that the Marquis of Lorne will succeed Lord Dufferin as Governor General of the Dominion.

THE Rev. Dr. Pryor, father of General Roger A. Pryor, is a country clergyman, seventy-four years old, in Virginia.

COLONEL NATHAN HUNTOON, of Unity, N. H., is now claimed as the oldest Freemason. He was initiated in 1803.

THE Right Hon. Sir Edward Thornton has been a diplomat in this country and South America for a quarter of a century.

MR. HENRY IRVING is about to make an address at Birmingham, dealing especially with religious objections to the theatre.

DAVID LEACH, an old miser, who died in Jersey City recently, bequeathed \$10,000, deposited in a savings bank, to the Queen of England.

MONSIGNOR CHATARD, of the American College at Rome, has collected \$32,000 for the college during his tour of a few months through the United States.

KAPIOLANI, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, has sent to Mrs. Hayes a calabash, or utensil for holding food, made of Koa wood—a richer variety than mahogany.

A MOVEMENT has been started to erect a monument to Charlotte Cushman over her grave, in Mount Auburn, Mr. John T. Raymond offering a subscription of \$500 as a beginning.

MR. JAMES MACKAY intends to bear the expense of the California mineral display at the Paris Exhibition, the Legislature of the State having refused an appropriation for the purpose.

KING LEOPOLD's services are again in demand as an arbitrator; he has been selected as the umpire between Chili and the Argentine Republic in the dispute over some territory in Patagonia.

THE only wreath laid upon Victor Emmanuel's coffin, when it was wafted up in the Tribune of the Pantheon, was that sent by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The others were hung round the walls of the chamber.

HERR NEVILLE, the new German theatrical star, now in London, and who intends visiting America next, is described as a dark, thick-set, black-haired, enthusiastic man, far more like an Italian than a German.

RAMON CARRERA's widow, the Countess Morella, an English lady of great wealth, who fell desperately in love with the Carlist *beau sabreur*, has erected two splendid monuments to the memory of her husband, who is buried at Virginia Water, near London.

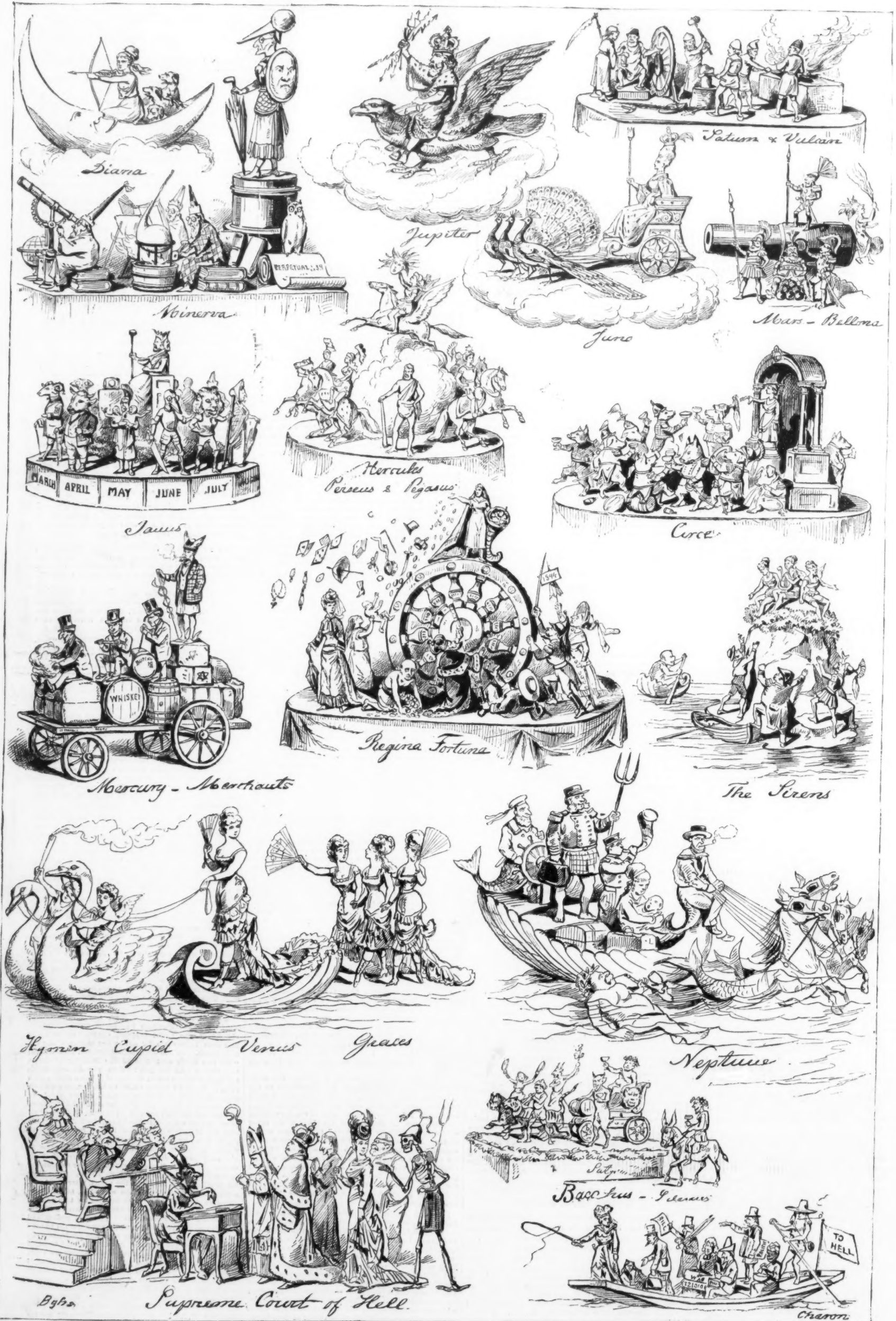
BISHOP COPPLESTON, of the English Church, is reputed as possessing a remarkable capacity for speedily acquiring a good knowledge of any language he applies himself to master. In twelve months after he arrived in Ceylon he preached in Cingalese with facility and correctness. He is now preaching in Portuguese.

CAPTAIN BOYTON has had a very pleasant time on the Tagus, where, to prevent the people alongshore from taking pot-shots at him as a seal or porpoise, the authorities sent out patrols of gendarmes to escort the swimmer from one jurisdiction to the other. The captain is to swim from Europe to Africa, via the Straits of Gibraltar.

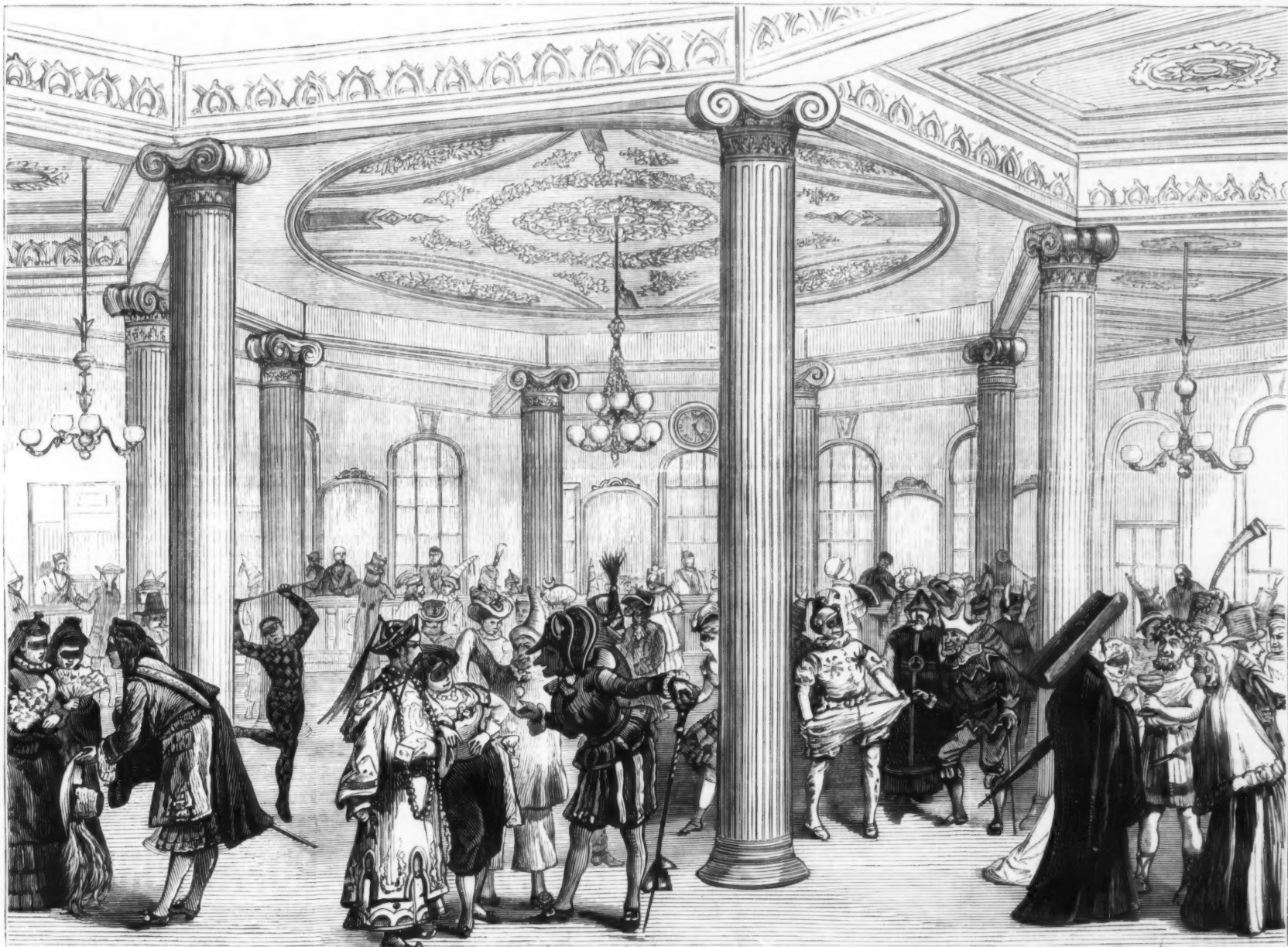
THE Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, Pastor of the Church of the Strangers, accompanied by Mrs. Deems, left New York last week to enjoy a trip through the South. His journey, which is exclusively in the interest of recreation, will probably extend as far as Florida. Dr. Deems's pastorate compels his constant presence in this city through the Summer months, and he is obliged to take his vacation in the Spring if he takes one at all.

In personal appearance Mr. Wade was a heavy-set man, about five feet eight inches high. He was dark-skinned, but had a clear complexion. His eyes were small, deep-set in his head and jet black; restless, snap and flash, and, when angry, shone like coals of fire. Two tufts of hair on his protruding forehead answered for eyebrows, and the hair on his head was down in a sort of peninsula toward his nose, both sides of the head over his temples being naturally bald, almost to the crown. He slightly stooped, but walked without a cane, and was sprightly and active. His jaws were firm and large, the under one being very strong and compact.

THE life of General Comly, our distinguished Minister to the Hawaiian Islands, is not so devoid of variety as one might suppose, considering that the Hawaiian Islands are far out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. In one of his letters General Comly says: "Do you know what it is to the Minister to have a man-of-war visit his post? First, the Admiral sends his staff officer to report his arrival. Then they take a drink. Then the Minister runs up his flag, and sends a dispatch to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, notifying his Majesty's Government that the Admiral has arrived and desires to salute the flag. Then His Excellency replies, and sets the time when the Admiral may shoot, and His Majesty's big guns will be all loaded ready to reply, gun for gun. Then the bombardment takes place. Then the Admiral calls on the Minister, with his staff in all their good clothes. Then they all drink. Then the Minister goes aboard the man-of-war in his good clothes and the Admiral's yawl. Then they all drink. When he leaves the vessel, after being presented arms to, and all kinds of bother, he gets only about thirty yards away when his ears are torn and his head burst by the big guns of the vessel firing a fifteen-gun salute. The mariners have their ears peaked and their eyes on the Minister, and he is expected to take off his hat and grin horribly a ghastly smile, as if he really enjoyed the honor of having his head burst in this way. Then the Admiral comes ashore with his staff, and the Minister takes him to call on His Majesty's Government. We go first to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who tells us when we may have an audience at the palace to present the Admiral and other officers to His Majesty. Then we visit the other Ministers, the Governor of Oahu, the Justices of the Supreme Court and the Marshal of the Kingdom. Then we take a drink. Then the Admiral invites the Minister to lunch, and they take a drink."



LOUISIANA.—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL FLOATS USED IN THE MARDI-GRAS PROCESSION AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, MARCH 5TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. JUMP, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN H. CLARK.—SEE PAGE 50.



LOUISIANA.—SCENE IN THE ROTUNDA SALOON OF THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS, DURING THE MARDI-GRAS CARNAVAL, MARCH 5TH.—SEE PAGE 50.

THE NEW YORK AND RIO DE JANEIRO
PACKET COMPANY.

LAUNCH OF THE PIONEER STEAMSHIP.

THE pioneer steamship of the new line to Brazil, which is to perform regular monthly service, beginning about May 1st, was launched at the ship-

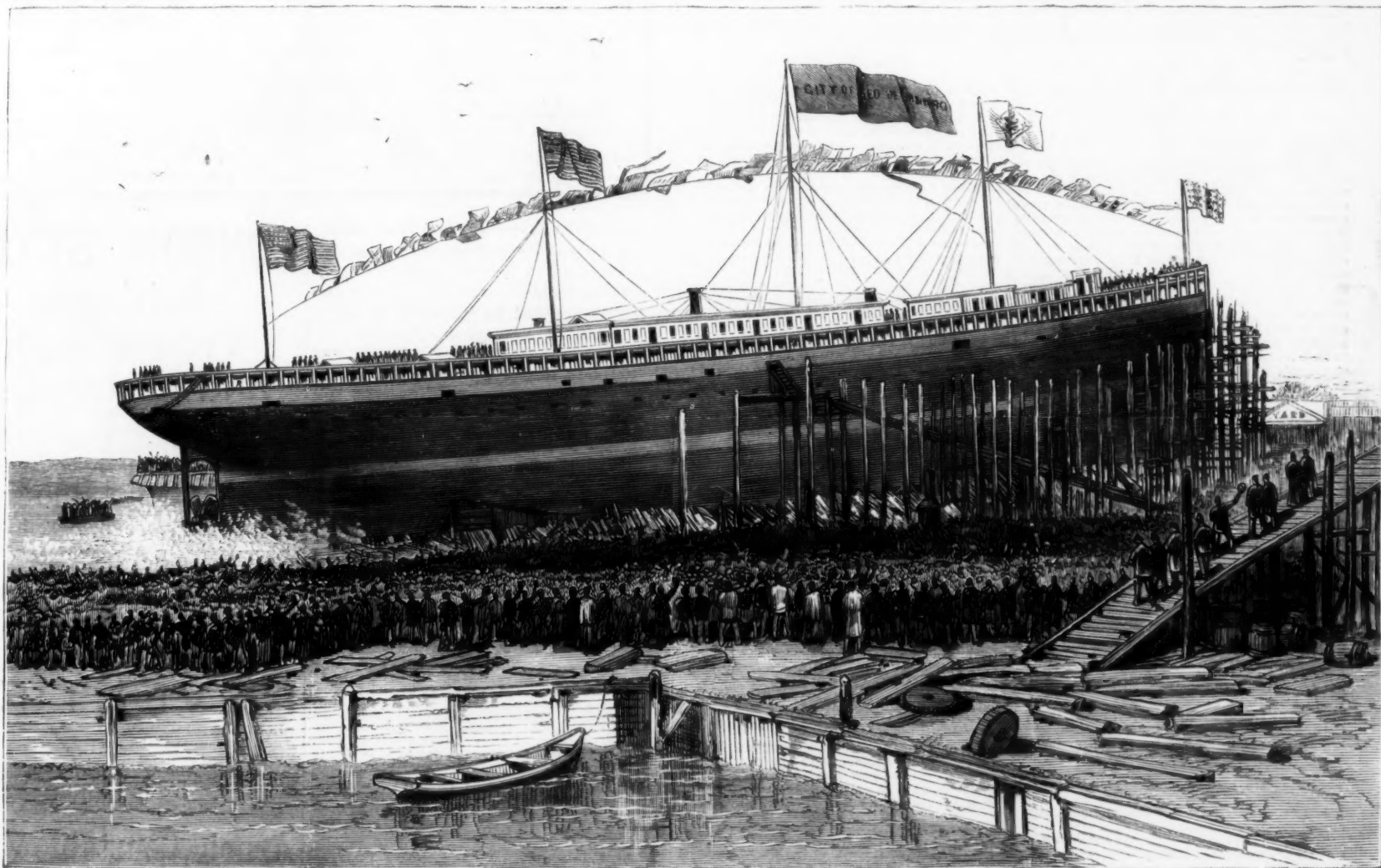
yard of John Roach, at Chester, Pa., on Wednesday afternoon, March 6th.

The Brazilian Government has promised the line a subsidy of \$100,000, and steps are being taken to have our Government give the line aid also. From the interest excited by the event there was a large attendance of persons from New York, including Count de Luca, the Brazilian Consul-General;

Jordan S. Mott, Charles Delmonico, J. C. Campbell, Kenneth G. White, H. Yunke, Jr., J. C. Rodriguez, G. H. Andrews, Captain Edward Walsh, J. C. Hopper, and others. From Baltimore there were Señor de Sonosa, the Brazilian Consul; General E. B. Tyler, Postmaster; W. H. Perot; D. H. Miller, President of the Board of Trade; Colonel J. S. Jenkins, John Gill, James Knox, and Thomas Pierce.

Señor Borges, the Brazilian Minister to the United States, and several representatives of other Governments, were also in attendance.

The vessel is named the *City of Rio de Janeiro*, and is the largest launched at Chester since the twin steamships *City of Peking* and *City of Tokio*, of the Pacific Mail Line. The first frame of the *City of Rio de Janeiro* was raised on the 5th day of



PENNSYLVANIA.—LAUNCH OF THE STEAMSHIP "CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO," OF THE NEW STEAM PACKET LINE TO BRAZIL, AT ROACH'S SHIP-YARD, CHESTER, MARCH 6TH.

November, 1877. That of her companion or sister ship followed on the 22d of November, so that the first has been launched exactly in four months and one day from the time she was begun, and she is in a nearer state of completion than any vessel heretofore launched at these works. She was built under the special supervision of the French Bureau Veritas and the American Shipmasters' Association of New York, and will have the highest possible rates. Nothing but the very best material has been allowed to go into this ship, and everything known to the trade has been done to render her perfectly strong and seaworthy.

The vessel is a first-class screw-steamer. Her length on the load line is 344 feet, over all 370 feet, with a molded beam of 38 feet 4 inches. Her depth from the base line to gunwale amidships is 30 feet 3 1/2 inches, with a hold of 28 feet 1/2 inch. Her boilers, cylindrical-tubular, are six in number, and are 13 feet in diameter. The ship is inclosed with iron from the stern up to the hurricane-deck, aft of the fore-hatch, to give her greater strength. The hurricane-deck to this part is also of iron.

She will be provided with eight metallic lifeboats, whose carrying capacity will be from thirty-five to sixty each, and with four life-rafts, which altogether will carry 700 persons. The four hoisters, windlass, capstan and the latest improved steering apparatus will be all worked by steam. The capacity of the coal-bunkers is 700 tons, and the temporary or shifting-bunkers will carry 700 tons additional. The machinery proper consists of two compound surface condensing engines, 2,500-horse power, and with separate engines for working the air and circulating pumps. There is also a donkey-boiler for hoisting purposes, clearing the bilge, supplying the main boilers with water and in case of fire. The propeller is brass, of the Hirsch patent, having four blades; the diameter is sixteen feet. She will be brig-rigged; the lower masts, being iron, will be used as ventilators. The joiner work is the most splendid and elegant ever put into a ship. The dining-saloon is aft of the main hatch on the spar-deck. The saloon is 130 feet long by 40 feet broad in the widest part. Large and commodious rooms are provided on the hurricane-deck for the captain and officers; also a smoking-room. The *Rio de Janeiro* will accommodate 100 first-class passengers and about 500 in the steerage, besides having large and comfortable rooms for the officers and crew. Her tonnage is 3,500 tons.

At half-past two o'clock precisely the string piece under the bows of the vessel was cut, the signal given, and the *Rio de Janeiro* glided gracefully into the water, while a great shout went up from the multitude. The numerous flags with which she was decorated waved gayly to the breeze, and the cadets worked away manfully at their cannon. Then the invited guests adjourned to the mold-room, where an ample lunch awaited them, and where speeches in honor of the event of the day were in order. The *Rio de Janeiro* was brought back to the wharf by a couple of tugs, and her passengers soon joined the company in the mold-room.

Mr. Roach, being called on by Hon. W. Ward, who presided, proceeded to give a history of the enterprise now happily begun. He alluded to the fact that though Brazil was our neighbor, the United States had no direct steam communication, the carrying trade being now practically in British hands. The Brazilian merchant had to go to England before he could come to the United States to buy goods, and the American Minister to Brazil had to go 3,500 miles out of his way to get to his post. He found that while he imported \$60,000,000 a year in goods from Brazil (one-third of her entire product), we could only send back \$7,000,000 a year in our manufactures, and the balance (\$53,000,000) had to be paid in gold. "This was the situation of affairs," said Mr. Roach, "when I sent a representative to Brazil and found that the Brazilian Government were very favorably disposed to Americans and would be glad to trade with us and receive our goods if they could." Mr. Roach then gave an interesting account of some of the obstacles he had to overcome, and the final success of his endeavors in securing a contract from the Brazilian Government to carry its mail to and from the United States in first-class steamers, and to take our manufactures direct from New York. He concluded by complimenting the liberality of the Emperor of Brazil.

PORTABLE OR COMPOSITION ROOFINGS, PAINTS, ETC.

[From the N. Y. Weekly Tribune, Oct. 31st, 1877.]

THERE is probably no article of manufacture so universally needed as a reliable low-priced roofing, which can be readily applied without the aid of skilled labor, and in no other direction has so great a want been so inefficiently supplied. The results of experiments with felt, cements and other compositions containing coal-tar, rosin, petroleum and other cheap oils, have so far been anything but satisfactory. Numerous so-called "cheap roofings" have been produced within the past twenty years, which have been extensively advertised, used and found worthless. In view of these facts, we are glad to be able to speak favorably of an article which we have tested and found reliable. We refer to H. W. Johns' Patent Asbestos roofing, the manufacturers of which make no extravagant representations, but claim it to be an economical substitute for the more expensive kinds of roofing; and from our experience and careful inquiry we believe their claims are well founded. The roof of the Tribune building has been covered with this roofing for some seven or eight years, and we find it in every respect satisfactory. We have recently had our roof coated with Mr. Johns' White Asbestos Fire-proof Coating, which not only forms a very handsome surface, but renders the upper rooms much cooler in summer, and will undoubtedly, as is claimed, add greatly to the durability of the roof.

This roofing is prepared ready for use, can be easily applied by unskilled workmen, is adapted for steep or flat roofs in all climates, and costs only about half as much as tin.

Samples, illustrated catalogues, price-lists, and any desired information can be obtained from the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Co., patentees and sole manufacturers, 87 Maiden Lane, New York. This company have recently completed a new manufactory, the most extensive works of the kind in the world, and have reduced their prices to a basis which place their goods within the reach of every one. They also manufacture liquid paints, in a variety of newest shades and standard colors, which are guaranteed to be free from alkalies, water or other deleterious adulterations or dilutions, and equal to any for general purposes, while for outside work they are claimed to be the most durable paints in use. The covering properties of these paints excel all others, two coats forming a body equal to three of any others.

In body and richness of color, the Asbestos Paints surpass any we have ever seen. This company also manufacture a strictly fireproof paint, costing only seventy-five cents per gallon, for the protection of in the wood-work of factories, bridges, and other

structures against fire. Roof paint, possessing elastic qualities never before attained in any similar article, used with success where all others failed upon the Centennial Building, the largest area of tin roof in the world. We can also speak from experience in regard to other important and valuable appliances manufactured by this company. We refer to their Asbestos Steam Pipe and Boiler Coverings, which can be seen by those interested upon the boilers and pipes in the new Tribune building. These non-conducting coverings are made upon entirely new principles, by which very nearly all radiation of heat is prevented, and a saving of from twenty to thirty per cent. of fuel is effected.

Want of space prevents our referring to other valuable inventions of Mr. Johns, comprising steam packing, sheathings, linings, fire, acid and waterproof coatings, cements, etc., all of which are strictly first-class articles of superior quality, and can be relied upon as being in every respect as represented. They are indorsed by the most prominent merchants, manufacturers, railroad companies, and others in all parts of the country, who have them in use, and we advise our readers before purchasing to send for samples of these articles and compare them with all others. Our information and belief in regard to these materials have been verified by testimonials from many well-known business houses throughout the country.

We are pleased to add that the contract for supplying paints for the Gilbert Elevated Railroad of New York City has been awarded to the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company. This is the largest paint contract ever awarded for painting any single structure in the world.

A DEBATABLE QUESTION.

WHILE much has been written concerning the use of "put up" medicines, the question is still an open one, and demands of the people a careful consideration. The salient points may be briefly stated, and answered as follows: 1st—Are the sick capable of determining their real condition, the nature of their malady, and selecting the proper remedy or means of cure? 2d—Can a physician, no matter how skillful, prepare a universal remedy, adapted to the peculiar ailments of a large class of people, residing in different latitudes, and subject to various climatic influences? In answer to the first proposition, we would say, diseases are named and known by certain "signs" or symptoms, and as the mother does not need a physician to tell her that her child has the whooping-cough, or indicate a remedy, so people when afflicted with many of the symptoms concomitant to "impure blood," "torpid liver," and "bad digestion," require no other knowledge of their condition, or the remedy indicated, than they already possess. Second proposition.—Many physicians argue that diseases are sectionally peculiar, and that their treatment must therefore vary, and yet quinine, morphine, podophyllin, and hundreds of other remedies are prescribed in all countries to overcome certain conditions. Is it not, therefore, self-evident that a physician whose large experience has made him familiar with the many phases incident to all impurities of the blood, general and nervous debility, liver complaint, dyspepsia, consumption and catarrh, can prepare a series of remedies exactly adapted to meet the conditions manifest, wherever, and by whatever means, it may have been engendered? The family medicines prepared by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., fulfill the above requirements. Many physicians prescribe them in their practice. His Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as a blood-purifier and general tonic, while his Favorite Prescription cures those weaknesses peculiar to women, after physicians have failed. His Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated and little larger than mustard seeds, are safe and certain cure for "torpid liver" and constipation. If you wish to save money by avoiding doctors and keep or regain your health, buy "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," an illustrated work of over 900 pages. It contains instructions concerning anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and the treatment of disease. Over one hundred thousand copies are already sold. Price (post-paid), \$1.50. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

For many years it has been a public fact, undenied even by the martinet of the medical profession, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best antidote to malaria, and the finest acclimating medicine in existence. In fever and ague districts, in tropical and other regions visited by epidemics, and indeed in all localities where the conditions are unfavorable to health, this famous vegetable invigorant and alterative has been found a potent safeguard even to feeble constitutions and fragile frames; while as a cure for indigestion, biliousness and all kindred complaints, it is confessedly without a rival.

We publish on another page of this paper an illustration of the Herring Safe which lay for hours on a pile of burning coal, in the ruins of the Excelsior building in this city, and which preserved, absolutely unharmed, all the valuable papers and documents it contained. This was one of the severest and most successful tests to which any safe was ever subjected.

THE WALTER BAKER & Co.'s Cocoa and Chocolates have stood the test of nearly a century, have received the highest premiums whenever exhibited, and are sold everywhere. Healthful and nutritious, they are equally adapted for the sick or well, and are used in all parts of the civilized world as standard and indispensable. The record and standing of the goods prove their merits.

GIVEN AWAY.—A superb pair of 6 x 8 Chromos, worthy to frame and adorn any home, and a Three Months' subscription to LEISURE HOURS, a charming 16-page literary paper, full of the choicest Stories, Poetry, etc. Sent Free to all sending Fifteen Cents (stamps taken) to pay postage. The publishers, J. L. Patten & Co., 162 William Street, New York, guarantee every one Double Value of money sent. \$1.50 in prizes, and big pay given to agents. Write at once!

ALLEN'S BRAIN FOOD.—BOTANICAL EXTRACT, strengthens the brain, cures all nervous affections, and restores lost power and manhood. Price \$1. Depot Allen's Pharmacy, Eighteenth Street and First Avenue, New York. Send for circular.

G. W. TURNER & ROSS, of Boston, who advertise fire-arms in this issue, are an old and well-known house, whose goods are highly recommended both by the sporting press and the purchasers.

H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS

LIQUID PAINTS. These Paints are in every respect strictly first-class, and are warranted unequalled by any others in the market in purity, richness and permanency of color, beauty of finish, and durability. They are prepared ready for the brush, in sixteen newest shades and standard colors, suitable for the tasteful decoration of all classes of buildings, inside and out, and for all purposes where a perfect protective coating is required. Owing to the wonderful covering properties of these Paints (two coats of which are fully equal to three of any other), the farmer, merchant, or manufacturer can, by their use, preserve and beautify their buildings, fences or other wood and iron work, at from one-half to two thirds of the usual cost of other ready-mixed paints, or white lead and linseed oil. They contain no water, alkali or other useless or deleterious ingredients, such as are used in nearly all the liquid or so-called chemical paints, and are guaranteed to be the most durable paints in the world for exposed wood and iron work.

The contract for supplying paints for the Gilbert Elevated Railroad of New York City was awarded to us. This is the largest paint contract ever made for painting any single structure in this country.

ROOF PAINT—for tin and shingle roofs, iron work, agricultural implements, fences, out buildings, etc. We guarantee this to be a better and more economical paint than has ever before been offered to the public for similar purposes.

This Paint was used with entire success, when all others failed, upon the roof of the Exhibition Buildings at Philadelphia, the largest area of Tin Roofing in the world.

FIRE-PROOF PAINT—for the protection of inside wood-work of factories, bridges, boiler-rooms, and other wooden structures in danger of ignition from sparks, cinders or flames.

This Paint has been applied to more than 4 1/2 acres of wood-work in the two immense Dry Goods Stores of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York City.

ASBESTOS ROOFING

with WHITE FIRE-PROOF COATING. For steep or flat roofs, the handsomest, coolest, most durable and only reliable portable Roofing made. In rolls ready for use. Easily applied by any one. Costs only half as much as tin.

This Roofing is used in preference to all others by the Kingsford Oswego Starch Factory, Remington & Sons, and by nearly all the most extensive Manufacturers, Builders, Railroad Companies, etc., in the United States.

ASBESTOS STEAM PIPE & BOILER COVERINGS.

The most durable, effective and economical appliances known for preventing Radiation of Heat; will save from 25 to 40 per cent. of fuel.

Used by the United States Navy Department and in the most extensive public buildings.

Asbestos Steam Packing, Boards for Caskets, Fire, Acid and Waterproof Coatings, Cements for Gas Retorts, Leaky Roofs, etc.

All these materials are prepared ready for use, and can be easily applied by any one.

LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS TO GENERAL MERCHANTS, DEALERS AND LARGE CONSUMERS.

Send for Samples, Illustrated Catalogues, Price Lists, &c.

H. W. JOHNS MANUFACTURING CO.,

87 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

The public are cautioned against purchasing worthless imitations of these materials.

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S CHOCOLATE AND COCOA

These Preparations have been the standard of purity and excellence for nearly one hundred years and have gained a world-wide reputation. They are pure, nutritious and healthful. Cocoa contains as much flesh-forming matter as beef.



Broma, an excellent food for invalids, and unrivaled in delicacy and aroma. Breakfast Cocoa—a general favorite. Baker's No. 1 Chocolate, the very best preparation of plain Chocolate in the market. Vanilla Chocolate, unsurpassed in flavor and quality.

Awarded the highest Premium at the Paris, Vienna and Philadelphia Expositions.

Readers ordering goods or making inquiries concerning articles advertised in this paper will confer a favor by stating that they saw the advertisement in "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper."

Reliable Help for Weak and Nervous Sufferers.—Chronic, painful and prostrating diseases cured without medicine by Dr. Ladd's Electric Belts. Send for circular. Wood & Co., Sole Agents, P. O. Box 2,129, New York City.

The Spring Style of Gentlemen's Hats just issued by ESPENSCHIED, Manufacturer, 118 Nassau St.

The World's Model Magazine.—Everybody astonished with the grand combination of Literary Excellence and Artistic Beauty. See the enlarged and splendid April Number of *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*. Price, 25c. post-free. Address, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East Fourteenth St., New York. Sold everywhere.

Easter Dawn, a splendid Oil Picture, and other rare attractions, will appear in the April number of *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*.

Grand Opening of Styles.—The Demorest Representative and Cosmopolitan Emporium of Fashion, furnishing the world's ideal of artistic beauty, novelty, utility, variety, economy and fashionable elegance. Always first premium and exclusive Centennial award. Reliable patterns in sizes, illustrated and described. Prices from 10 to 30 cents each. Send for catalogue. *Demorest's Monthly Model Magazine*, 25 cents; yearly, \$3, with a magnificent premium. *The Demorest Quarterly Journal*, 5 cents; yearly, 10 cents. *Mme. Demorest's What to Wear*, 15 cents. *Mme. Demorest's Portfolio of Fashions*, 15 cents. Either post-free. Paris, London, New York. Agencies everywhere. New York house, 17 East Fourteenth Street.

If you want the largest, cheapest and most reliable Fashion Journal ever published for the money, send 10 cents—a year's subscription for the *Demorest's Quarterly Journal of Fashions*.

At Reasonable Rates—Money on Life and Endowment Insurance Policies and Mortgages; same bought; insurance of all kinds effected with best companies. J. J. HABRICH & CO., 119 Broadway.

LONDON STYLE Suits, Trousers, and Coatings,

MELTONS, "Carr's" Manufacture.
WORSTED COATINGS, "Clay's" Manufacture.
HOMESPUNS, &c., &c.

Arnold, Constable & Co.
Broadway, cor. Nineteenth St.

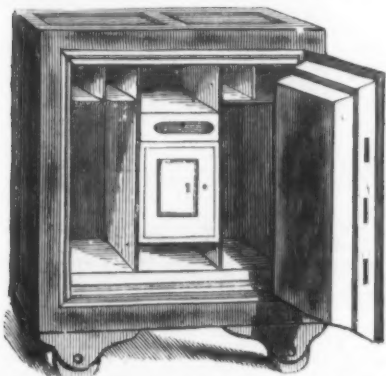
MOURNING Department.

NOW OPEN, a choice selection of
NOVELTIES

IN SPRING and SUMMER DRESS GOODS,
SILK, and SILK and WOOL GRENADINES,
FACONNÉ and STRIPED
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50 BEST CARDS, no 2 alike, printed in Crimson or Jet, 13c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.



Herring's Safe belonging to George Davis.
Taken from a bed of burning coal forty-eight hours after the burning of the Excelsior Building in West Twenty-third Street, New York, February 17th.



\$1,000 REWARD. JOSEPH F. LOOMIS.

Formerly Agent of the National Express Company and the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railway Company, at Sandy Hill Station, N. Y., absconded on the morning of Tuesday Feb. 19, 1878, taking with him a \$3,000 money package, which had been given him to forward.

The following is his description: About 40 years old; 5 feet 7 to 9 inches high; good build, weight about 170 pounds; medium complexion; blue eyes, inclined to be almond-shaped; mustache of dark color, worn long at ends, reaching to his chin; no other beard; wore soft felt hat, dark olive green vest and pants, blue flannel coat, much faded, black beaver overcoat or an old gray ulster lined with red. The above portrait of Joseph F. Loomis was copied from a photograph taken about six years since, but is said to fairly represent his features at the present time.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS reward will be paid for his apprehension and recovery of the money, or FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for his arrest and delivery to the Sheriff of Washington County.

L. W. WINCHESTER, Treasurer,
National Express Company, 65 Broadway, New York.
Feb 25, 1878.

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This game, known as Parlor Bagatelle, has met with widespread success. Mounted in handsome black walnut frame, size four feet long by one foot ten inches wide. Covered with billiard or green enamel cloth. One silver and one brass bell, brass pins and cups. Below is an extract from one of the many recommendations received:

"534 PEARL STREET, New York, May 4th, 1877.
"M. REDGRAVE, Esq., Dear Sir: Your table paid for itself in a few days, and I cheerfully recommend it to any saloon-keeper who may desire to purchase one."
"WM. FINTZEL."

No hotel or saloon should be without one. Centennial award. Price of above size, \$12, C. O. D., delivered free of expressage. Same size, superior finish, three bells \$15. Larger size, five feet long by two feet six inches wide, five bells, fit for the handsomest parlor or hotel, \$30. All tables can be examined before taking up C. O. D., and if not found as represented need not be taken. Handsomely illuminated circulars, of six sizes, sent free. Agents wanted. Address, M. REDGRAVE, Patentee and Manufacturer, No. 628 Newark Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

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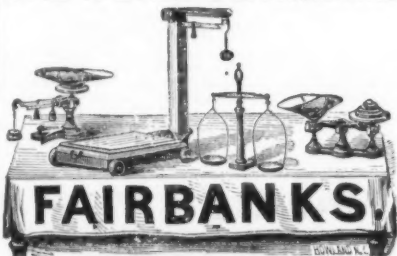
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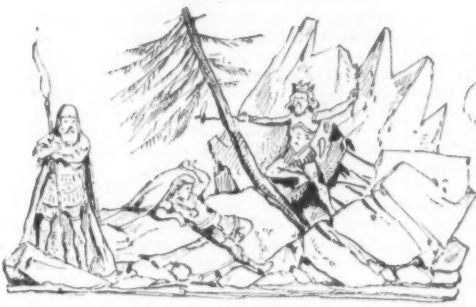
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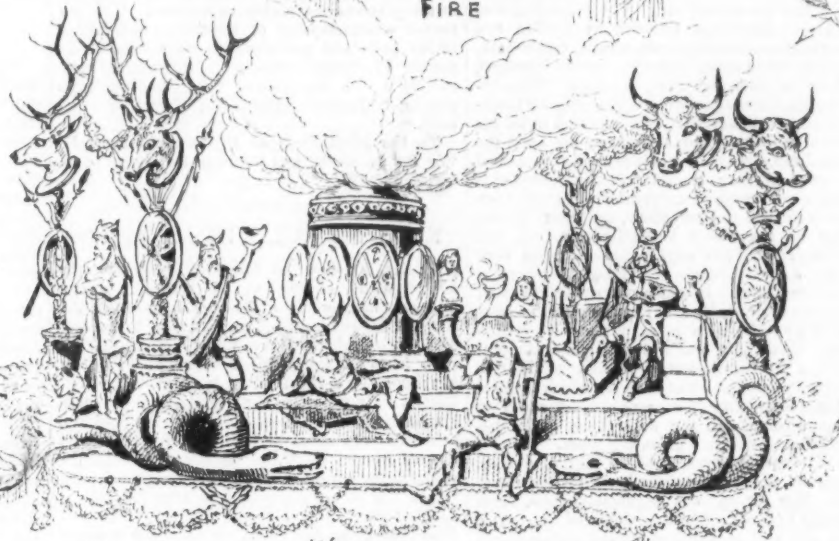
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WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?



TROLL-LAND



THE REUNITED STATES OF N.A.



RIP VAN WINKLE

TENNESSEE.—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL FLOATS IN THE PROCESSIONS OF THE ULKS AND THE MYSTIK MEMPHI, ON THE EVENING OF MARDI-GRAS, IN MEMPHIS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOYSTON, MEMPHIS.—SEE PAGE 50.

MARDI-GRAS.

DIVERSIONS OF MOMUS, THE ULKS,
THE MYSTIK KREWE AND THE
KING OF MISRULE.

THE CARNIVAL FESTIVITIES OF
SHROVETIDE AND MEMPHIS.

THE CARNIVAL IN NEW
ORLEANS.

THE oldest inhabitant has boldly come to the front in New Orleans to declare that in his memory such a glorious success as the Mardi-Gras has never yet been achieved. From the commencement unto the finish not a hitch occurred to mar the mad revelry, while the ante-bellum pageants were put to the blush by the superb magnificence of a spectacle that has caused a sensation which will make itself felt even on the Corso at Rome—cradle of Carnival—and the Boulevard des Italiens, at Paris. When we Americans resolve upon doing a thing well, it is no longer a question of money; it becomes a question of men, and the brave men and true who this season undertook the wild waggery of the Mardi-Gras upon their shoulders, have acquitted themselves of their task in a manner that not only reflects credit upon themselves, but sends a throb of pride throughout the length and breadth of the land; for, although a hard, fast, commercial people, we do not like to be behind other nations in any undertaking, no matter what that undertaking may be, and from a pan-tomimic pageant to a telephone we must needs be always ahead. "It has got to be done," says Uncle Sam, "and I guess we'll do it."

The streets donned that joyous carnival look as though the atmosphere were impregnated with revelry, and dull care had retired to the country to recruit for his coming campaign. The stores were ablaze with banners—many private residences proudly flying the flag of Rex, the King of Carnival, from their roofs and windows. Canal Street was gay with colored banners, swaying to and fro in a soft, caressing breeze. Every building on this magnificent street was vivid with color, while St. Charles, Camp, Prytania, Jackson, and others of the chief thoroughfares were lavishly decorated, as were also the Royale, Dauphine, Bourbon St. Louis, and French Quarter of the city. Every car, every equipage bore a carnivalistic emblem; the ships in the river flew marvelous and mysterious bunting; cotton bales were converted into flag staffs, while thousands of gayly dressed, laughing pedestrians thronged the streets in a perfect glow of joviality, contentment and good humor.

The weather was delightful—70 degrees, with breeze enough to toy with flags and banners, and kiss the cheek, warmed with pleasurable excitement.

THE MARCH OF MOMUS.

The approach of Shrovetide was celebrated by a grand procession of the Knights of Momus, who paraded the principal thoroughfares of the Queen City on the night of February 28th, winding up the day's festivities with a series of tableaux at the Opera House. In the procession there were twenty floats, each driven by handsomely caparisoned horses—the larger having four horses, and the smaller two. After the military band came the allegorical representation of "Momus" on the first float. He had just awakened from his "Dream of Hades," which was the subject of last year's display, and was issuing forth from his grotto, attended by elves and fairies. He looked resplendent in his stately robes, and the effect of his white steeds prancing through the clouds was very imposing.

The subject of the second float was taken from Shakespeare's *Queen Mab*—the fairies' midwife. Four butterflies of rainbow wings drew her hazel-nut coach. Her wagoner, a gray-coated gnat, handled the filmy reins, while she, the Queen, stood behind him, with her star-tipped magical wand in hand. Nothing could be more fantastic and airy.

The third float represented "The Sleeping Beauty" of Miss Muloch's "Fairy Book." The Prince had just burst through the casements, vines and cobwebs, and was awakening the Princess with a kiss. All about the guards were slumbering, and even the waters of the fountains seem motionless in sleep.

The remaining devices of this procession emblematic of the realm of Fancy were similarly devoted to the representation of scenes and characters famous in the literature of the nursery, including Valentine and Orson, the Yellow Dwarf, the Snow Queen, Aladdin, Sinbad the Sailor, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, Undine, Lady Godiva, Puck and Titania, and elves and gnomes, fays and fairies almost innumerable.

THE MARDI-GRAS PROCESSION.

The revelry began in right royal earnest by the mid-day procession. The word splendor is scarcely luminous enough whereby to describe the magnificence, the glittering glory of this pageant, which passed as a dazzling comet before the hungry eyes of the spectators.

The subject of the pageant was the contrast between the heroic age of myth and fable and the evolutions of nineteenth-century civilization—with all that that term implies. This afforded an opportunity for holding the mirror up to Nature in aspects of the humorous, the absurd, and the sarcastic. The range of characters and incidents was wide enough, beginning with Agamemnon in the van, and closing, in the rear, with types of modern avarice and greed. The subject, it was announced, had been selected by the King himself, who has been passing a brief season in his winter palace at Mycenæ, lately rediscovered and reconstructed by Dr. Schliemann. Here his royal mind was filled with thoughts of his illustrious ancestors of the Pelopidae and the Heraclidae, of Iphigenia and

Clytemnestra, of Jason and Medea, of Paris and Helen, of the struggles between Greek and Trojan heroes on the plains of the Troad, beyond the blue waves of the Ægean Sea. Thus it occurred to him to show his loyal subjects here the contrast between things as they were among the mythical heroes and things as they are among the practical moderns. The procession was divided into two sections: Rex as Agamemnon, returning from the Trojan war; a caricature of the mythology of the Greeks and Romans.

First came six Greek princes, leaders of the Hellenic hosts, who were present at the sacking of Troy, and were now returning laden with the *spolia opima*. These redoubtable warriors were followed by Nestor the Pylean Sage, surrounded by heralds blowing like rude Boreas, and priests swinging golden censers. Agamemnon, the hen-pecked, came next on an emblazoned chariot, drawn by four milk-white steeds, his burnished armor shining like the setting sun. The great leader of the Argive host was followed by Lydian and Carian soldiers, bearing bows, arrows, battle-axes, and all the dread panoply of war; Jupiter Olympus, the King of gods and men; the mighty Zeus, bestriding the American eagle and grasping his favorite weapon, a thunderbolt, now appeared in all his unsullied majesty; and close upon his heels the jealous Juno, drawn by gaudy peacocks harnessed to a gem-sheening chariot. Juno's voluptuous charms never appeared to greater advantage than in her costume à la Pompadour, and, upon gazing at her as she swept haughtily past, one felt a wondering that her mighty consort should turn out the *mauvais garçon* mythologists represent him to have been. Poseidon now showed in front in the person of a shiver-my-timbbers tar, in command of a yacht drawn by sea-horses with golden manes. With him was his *cara esposa* Amphitrite, in a nineteenth-century costume as tight to her figure as is that outer covering which incloses the lower extremity of a mermaid. A party of Tritons accompanied the navel hero, gayly disporting themselves in a green calico sea.

Next came Minerva, showing her proverbial wisdom by the freedom she gave to her lower limbs. Her get-up was exquisitely droll, from spectacles to spurs. She was supported by *savans*, by the owl, and at her feet lay the gorgon-faced shield.

Apollo followed closely with the Nine Muses, Calliope with trombone, Clio twanging a harp, Erato thrumming a lyre, Euterpe and Polyhymnia performing on clarionet and bass viol; Urania, Muse of Astronomy, in azure robes, spangled with stars, playing on the hollow orb of the world; on the stage Melpomene brandished a pistol and dagger; Thalia declaimed comic lines, and Terpsichore, as *première danseuse*, pirouetted and clicked the castanets.

The Goddess of Love and Beauty, Aphrodite, heralded by Cupid and Hymen, caused a considerable flutter in gentle, ay, and in rugged bosoms as she sped upon her way.

Mercury came as a commercial traveler. He stood on a pile of merchandise. In front were bales of cotton, sugar hogheads, molasses barrels and whisky barrels. Seated on these were a cotton factor, sugar broker and wine merchant, with implements of trade.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Bacchus was right worthily represented; never did a more watery eye or a redder nose give token of an invigorating thirst than those of that seductive god. He was the impersonification of "He's a jolly good fellow." Saturn at his wheel in consultation with Father Time, with Vulcan hard at work in his forge, was the subject of the next tableau, followed by Janus and the Months. Janus was represented by two faces—one sad and the other smiling. Around him the Months were indicated by the signs of the Zodiac—Aquarius, inscribed "Total Abstinence," with goblet and pitcher; Pisces, as a fisherman, with rod and line; Aries in citron-colored coat, slashed doublet, frilled shirt, knee-breeches and rapier; Taurus in prize-fighting dress; Gemini, an old gentleman in dressing-gown and night-cap, supporting on each arm a small baby; Cancer, in armor of cardinal red, with sword and spear and a crustacean shield; Leo, in scarlet costume, with royal insignia; Virgo, a middle-aged maiden in variegated dress, broad-brimmed hat, leading a poodle-dog by a string—hair, auburn; Libra, another middle-aged lady in loose gown, cap and spectacles, weighing a new baby in the scales; Scorpio, a spindle-shanked gentleman, with long coat-tails; Sagittarius, with cross bow, and Capricornus in fancy costume smoking a cigar.

The Sirens were three seductive-looking, scantily attired young ladies, seated upon a rock, engaged in inviting three human spiders into their little parlor strewn with human bones. Came Vesta, Comus, Circe, Momus, the Gorgons, the Furies, the Fates, the Harping and Charm, in a flat-bottomed boat flying a flag with "To Hell—No Return" inscribed upon it. This boat was full to overflowing. Next appropriately advanced the Regions of Pluto, followed by Tantalus and Sisyphus, the former up to his neck in love and water, and being tantalized by offerings of luscious fruits from a pair of Offenbachian nymphs on the flower-laden bank.

Heroes now came like loaves from the baker's, in batches. Castor and Pollux, Jason, Theseus, Hercules, Hippolyte, the Amazon Queen, Perseus; Paris made a brave show, with the faithless Helen seated by his side, an immense Saratoga trunk occupying the remainder of the quarter-deck of the steam-launch.

The pageant ended with the Wheel of Fortune, the fickle goddess distributing gifts from a cornucopia—crowns, swords, hats, boots, bonds, to her suppliants, thick as leaves in far-famed Valombrosa. One of the most notable features of the pageant was the Trojan horse, which stood twenty feet high, discovered by Dr. Schliemann. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*.

The procession was one of those richly tinted sights that are seldom seen, and once beheld are never forgotten. It merited well its enthusiastic reception, and will mark the season of 1878 with a white stone.

MARDI-GRAS NIGHT.

The night procession, mysteriously brought into being by the Mystik Krewe of Komus, was worthy

of the fame of that well-known and weird organization. At sunset the statue of Henry Clay, on Canal Street, became a centre-point of attraction, as in a strange way the Mystiks came to the front, silently as phantoms, and taking up their allotted places with a precision that spoke well for their rehearsals. The procession wended its way, brave in glittering panoply, to the Varieties Theatre, upon the stage of which it displayed its entire strength to an audience exclusively composed of the *élite* of the upper ten, when, after a series of evolutions and at a given signal, it melted as the snow upon the Catskills—how no man save a Mystik can say. It dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a rack behind.

One of the most remarkable sights of the Carnival was the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel, filled with mummers and masks, and revelers of all degrees, of all periods, of all climes, Olympian and otherwise, in addition to mundane, and in every known and unknown costume. The bar proved a centre-point of attraction, and hither flitted gods and goddesses to sip cocktails *vice nectar*. To mention the St. Charles without connecting it with the name of La Coume would be playing "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark.

To the Mardi-Gras of 1878 we bid farewell. "Le Roi est mort," and we hope to be enabled to exclaim in 1879 "Vive le Roi."

KING MISRULE IN MEMPHIS.

ON the afternoon of Monday, March 4th, the approach of Lent was celebrated in a most hilarious manner by the merry subjects of the King of Misrule residing in Memphis, Tennessee. At three o'clock the entry of His Majesty of Misrule, King of the Ancient Order of Ulks, was announced by a royal salute from the City Bluff Battery. In expectation of the triumphal march of the king, fifteen thousand to twenty thousand persons had gathered in the neighborhood of Court Square, where the Mayor graciously handed the monarch the keys of the city. The chariot—a marvel of the decorative art—was preceded by the Light Guards, and followed by the Chickasaw Guards and the Bluff City Grays. The crowned figure was hailed with enthusiastic cheers by the multitude. After a slow ride through Main Street, and the dispensing of many thousands of handbills, the royal vision disappeared.

THE INTRODUCTORY PROCESSION.

As usual, the procession at night was attractive and gorgeous, "drawing from the mysterious cavern," as the programme relates, "the romance of childhood, its pleasant memories, its weird fancies, its joyous reveries and delightful reminiscences that were wont to cast a glamour o'er childhood's brightest, happiest days, and the Muse of the Ulks, by the magic wonder of her glorious art, blends the witcheries of the past with the impress of the present." The cortege was made up of ten "living pictures," the leading ones of which our artists have reproduced.

First was the Muse of the Ulks, Nest and Nestor of the Yolk and the Ulks; flight of the great disseminator—Knowledge—with the intelligence that gold is being kept down until after definite action of the Silver Bill, and showing how high up it will go. The egg discovered by Columbus came next, with a band of rudely dressed lobbyists in Congress declaring it will be a bad egg unless all the meat is yellow. "History" held up Secretary Sherman's ideas about it.

"Hey Diddle Diddle the Cat and the Fiddle" formed tableau No. 2. It represented the war in the East; the Turkey gone; bones, stuffing and gravy Gobbled off by Shouval-off and Skobel-off. The Czar, autocrat of the Rushers, carrying off plate and spoons. England, in roast beef, crossing the crescent and making for the Dardanelles. Peace declared "good with variations."

"Jack the Giant Killer," was a humorous sketch of local debts and difficulties. "Old King Cole" the "Merry Old Soul" was pictured in the mining regions of Pennsylvania, at Mauch Chunk; King Cole, chief of financial institutions; Gorgeous bank edifice, groaning beneath mortgage; directors in clover, enlightened by a powerful calcium, strengthening dividends, "watering" stocks; sudden death of the bank and failure of Père Heinen to resuscitate it.

"Who killed Cock Robin?" was the sixth. Here was the illuminated Temple of Mammon, the consecrated cenotaph of the Kings, queens and aces of Momus, and with tramps, capitalists, strikers and insurance agents. In the foreground was the sarcophagus of the New York carnival and a grave-digger respectfully performing the last rites for the advertising fraud.

The tenth and last "living picture" was the re-United States, a completed arch; meeting of pelican and palmetto; President Hayes beckoning home the long lost sisters, while the small boy extends the "golden horn of plenty."

After the procession came the grand ball, which was a splendid success.

THE MARDI-GRAS PROCESSION.

So far all was merely preparatory. The real Carnival display was yet to come. Tuesday, March 5th, Mardi-Gras was ushered in with balmy zephyrs and a brilliant sky.

Never in the history of the Carnival has a brighter day dawned for the votaries of the King of Misrule. Not a cloud flecked the sky during the day, and the mercury was high up in the sixties. Those who sought amusement in the immense crowd of maskers even in airy costumes felt no inconvenience from the balmy breeze which kept up during the forenoon. The city was literally filled to overflowing, and it was almost impossible to traverse any of the leading streets, so dense was the crowd; and, despite this, not a single accident or difficulty occurred to mar the general good humor. During the day, visitors and citizens amused themselves watching the crowds of maskers in every conceivable costume; but as evening drew on, the crowded streets presented for many blocks a solid mass of surging humanity, seeking positions to witness the crowning glory of the Carnival—the gorgeous pageant of Memphis—which this year startled even those who had wit-

nessed its triumphs heretofore by the gorgeousness and perfection with which the subject was handled.

The theme chosen was "Myths," illustrating the myths of South Greece, and those of Norseland or Scandinavia. As the pageant appeared on Main and Market Streets, and the magnificence of the leading tableau was seen by brilliant chemical lights, cheer after cheer burst from thousands of delighted people, and, as the seventeen tableaux passed, all witnessed what seemed an impossibility—that each succeeding one was more brilliant than that which had preceded it.

For two days previous visitors had been rapidly arriving in the city from all sections of the United States. The eastern guests—among whom were our artists—had made the trip with ease and comfort in the well-appointed coaches of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with its attendant "Pan Handle"; branch to Cincinnati—the Louisville and Cincinnati "Short Line"; and thence by the Great Southern Railway to Memphis.

NIGHT.

On our front page is depicted the leading float which headed the column in this procession. It represented the Greek conception of "Night" stretching forth "in rayless majesty" her leaden sceptre over a slumbering world.

When the Greek, in the simplicity of ages long gone by, strove to solve the origin and source of nature, Chaos seemed to his unaided mind sole occupant of the Universe. From this void and shapeless abyss, where confusion dwelt, Night was born, who, brooding in gloom over the shapeless mass, brought forth, with mysterious impregnation, her teeming offspring. Relentless Fate, grim death, gentle Sleep, Dreams, the mocking Momus, sweet Love, dark Deceit, Woe, Madness, and the silent shades of black Oblivion were her eternal progeny. She was the "eldest born of things," and though she dwelt where gloom and darkness shade her form, she brought Day and all his jocund train to cheer the wondering world. Such was Night, in the primeval times, as dreamed into existence by the poetry of Greece, when, on some sweet isle of the sea-girt Archipelago, the veiled vault above, unfolding all its breadth of stars, threw fancy's glamour round the poet's thought and gave to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Black-winged, black-robed Night, floated before his vision like a living form clothed with the mysterious power of a God.

The sublime conception of the Greek myth appears in the form of the mighty figure of Night, whose vast proportions embraced the Earth and high Olympus. Its symmetrical outlines are full of grace and feminine comeliness; its pose expresses conscious power and the impressive mein of all subduing majesty. Thought is on her brow, clemency on her lips, and the repose of power rests on her angust face. Her dark wings are closed. She is seated amid sombre masses of wreathed clouds, musing over a slumbering world; her great eye gazes unblenched on the past, unsympathizing on the present, and unawed by the future. Sleep (Somnus), "sweet, pleasing sleep" rests on her extended arms, Morpheus (Oblivion) and Phantasos (Dreams) are reposing amid the drifting clouds, and Old Age (Senectus) is struggling among the weird and bat-like figures which attend the drowsy court of Nox—a fitting type of the end of life, closing in impenetrable darkness.

THE SPECTACLE.

The other floats in this splendid procession bore emblems of "Olympus," "The gods and Titans," "Aurora," "Earth," "Castor and Pollux," "Calypso," "Psyche," "Niobe." Scandinavian mythology was represented by "Valhalla," "Thunder," "Frost," "Fire," "Treasure Land," "Elf Land," "Troll Land," and finally, with peculiar appropriateness, "The Fates."

The line of march was down Main to McCall Street, thence through McCall to Shelby, and up Shelby to Union. The whole procession subsequently halted in the parade-ground on the bluff to witness the pyrotechnic display by Professor Jackson, of Philadelphia, the like of which was never witnessed in America, except on the night of Pennsylvania Day at the Centennial. After this the line of march was resumed through Union to Main Street, up Main to Adams, and down Adams to Davey's Theatre, where the invited guests of the Memphis soon assembled to witness the grand finale, which consisted of two tableaux, formed by grouping all the characters of the seventeen tableaux into one crowning triumph of spectacular display.

As the band of thirty pieces finished an appropriate overture the curtain rose upon the first tableau, which was entitled "Sunland; Or, Sunrise upon the Mediterranean"; and, as gauze after gauze was lifted, and the full glory of the scene was realized, the theatre rang with the plaudits of the delighted guests. After an interval this was followed by "Iceland and Niebelungen." Through the misty curtains were seen the heroes of Valhalla at the feast of Odin, amid the icy caves of Norseland, which, with the aid of calcium lights, presented a scene of unsurpassed wonder and grandeur. After this followed the "Myths' March" and a grand ball, closing a glorious carnival.

THE PEABODY HOUSE IN MEMPHIS.

This admirable hostelry, containing 175 rooms, accommodating 350 persons, was built and opened for patronage in 1868. M.C. B. Galloway, of Princeton, N. J., who settled in Memphis in 1858, took charge of the house in 1876, and, under his experienced management, it has attained the highest rank among Southern hotels. It is built of brick, covered with plaster, and contains all the modern improvements of hotel construction and furniture, the ground-floor is devoted to business purposes, being fitted up for stores. The Peabody House is the chief hotel in Memphis, being the principal stopping place of travelers en route to and from New Orleans. Its dining-room is one of the largest in the United States, and its table is always a marvel of seasonableness and liberality. Mr. Galloway is the fourth proprietor, the others having failed in its management; but he has so conducted its affairs as to render it an eminently popular and successful house, not only as a temporary caravanserai but as a prominent house.

We wish to call the attention of all lovers of superior fiction to the delightful novel by the popular American authoress, CHRISTIAN REID, of which the following is the opening:

BONNY KATE.

By CHRISTIAN REID,
AUTHORESS OF "VALERIE AYLMEY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"She was not as pretty as women I know, And yet all your best, made of sunshine and snow, Drop to shade, melt to naught in the long-trodden ways, While she's still remembered on warm and cold days—
My Kate."

"Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace; You turned from the fairest, to gaze on her face: And, when you had once seen her forehead and mouth, You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—
My Kate."



appointed if it does not bring the best possible luck," says Kate, rising to a sitting posture. "I have been searching for it so long, that to find it at last, when I was not thinking of it in the least, must mean that some good fortune is about to befall me—don't you think so, Janet?"

"Of course," replies Janet, with a liberal infusion of irony in her voice. "How could one doubt it? But you had better take care of it, now that you have found it—if you lose it, I believe the spell is broken."

"I shall not lose it," says Kate, confidently. "Here is 'Our Mutual Friend'—taking a very battered copy of that novel from the grass by her side—for the present I shall put the talisman safely away between its pages. Let me see!—a Venus and Wegg scene won't do as association for anything so magical—neither will the Boffins, nor yet the Wilfers. Ah! here is the place where Lizzie saves Eugene—that is romantic enough; so here you go!"

She places the sprig of clover between the pages, and looks with an air of satisfaction at her companion. "What an absurd girl you are!" says the latter. "How am I absurd?" asks Kate. "Because I am glad to have found a four-leaved clover—or because I believe that it will bring me good luck? If you don't believe it, you stand convicted of vulgar incredulity."

"But what good luck do you want? As far as I can perceive, you seem to be exceedingly well satisfied with all the present conditions of your life." "So I am," assents Kate, cheerfully. "On general principles we all want good fortune if we can get it; but bringing the matter down to a particular point, I cannot think of anything that I desire. Indeed, I often feel that I am the luckiest girl in the world. I have had many good friends; everybody has always been so kind to me, and, above all, I have a home like this without—without belonging to it."

"If you dare to say such a thing as that again, I will throw this book at you!" cries Janet, indignantly. "Without belonging to it, indeed! You belong to it as much as I do."

"I know that I do—now," replies the other, quickly, "and that is why I am so grateful. I did not belong to it until you kind, good people took me in and made me one of you; and I can do nothing in return, and I don't suppose that to my dying day I ever shall be able to do anything except love you, love you, love you!"

"We don't want anything else, Kate."

"I know you don't; and because I love you I am not troubled at my inability to give you anything else. It is a mean, calculating spirit that cannot rest under an obligation, I think. I like to feel how much I owe to you all—and I would not make it less if I could."

"You owe us nothing," says Janet. "If one could calculate debit and credit in a matter of this kind—which I don't think possible—I should say that you had repaid us tenfold in simply being what you are—our bonny Kate."

It is a name Kate Lawrence has often heard before—heard spoken with just this caressing accent—but, because Janet is usually more caustic than caressing, it touches her peculiarly now, bringing a soft light to her eyes, a quick quiver to her lips.

Never was name better bestowed, for she is truly a bonny creature—fair to look upon, and even more winsome than fair. It may readily chance that one has seen lovelier faces than hers, but seldom a face which pleases so well or so long. The grace of the delicate features, the ivory-like beauty of the soft brunette skin, the deer-like carriage of the small head, and the challenging lustre of the eyes—eyes of that peculiar hazel-gray which looks black under dark lashes, and dark as midnight are Kate's—have each and all a piquant charm; but the true spell of the countenance lies deeper. At the present time it is brimful of joyousness, and radiant with bloom, but in the varying lights and shadows of the changeable eyes, possibilities of passionate shadows are lurking, and "the sweetest lips that ever were kissed" are full of tender suggestions. One has but to look at the girl to perceive that, in little or great affairs, she feels nothing, does nothing, by halves. Her whole heart is in her candid glance and her loyal hand. She does not know—it is not likely that she will ever learn—how much wiser, according to the wisdom of the world, are those who make prudent compromises with life, who give all things cautiously, and run no risk without counting its cost. She will never count the cost of anything,

but will give free'y all that is hers to bestow, keeping back no secret hoard for any dark hour that may be to come.

After all, such natures, though born to keen suffering, have for this suffering a compensation. It is given to them—once or twice in life, at least—to taste the full measures of that supreme happiness which is never divorced from the capability of supreme generosity, to possess for one divine hour some joy which the cautious and selfish could never know.

As yet Kate Lawrence, portionless orphan though she is, has had little experience of anything save the sunshine of existence. The last four years of her life—she is now eighteen—have been passed in one of the pleasantest of the old-fashioned Southern country-houses, which still cover the fair land that stretches from Maryland to Texas.

Fairfields has been the home of the Lawrences for several generations, and here, as to a spot where she had every right to be, Kate was introduced on the death of her father, a younger son of the house, and one of those men who, endowed with brilliant talents, make no other use of them than to win hearts and squander fortunes, yet who are often more liked in life and more regretted in death than infinitely better people.

Allan Lawrence squandered successively two fortunes, and died leaving no provision whatever for his daughter. His wife had fortunately died soon after her marriage; so, when Mr. Lawrence answered in person the message which told him that his brother was one of the victims of yellow fever during a season of epidemic in one of the Gulf cities, he found only his grave and a slight girl of fourteen. By the direction of a brief will written by the dead man at the beginning of his illness, this child was left to the joint guardianship of himself and her grand-uncle on the maternal side.

"It is not just that you should be burdened by the undivided charge," Allan Lawrence had written. "Her mother's uncle should at least share the responsibility, and if he fulfills his duty by desiring to take her altogether, I beg that you will allow him to do so. He is unmarried, and she is his nearest relation and natural heir."

In view of these words, Mr. Lawrence could not fail to inform Mr. Ashton of the trust committed to him.

In return for which information he received a curt letter in which Mr. Ashton informed him that he had resolutely refused to allow his nephew-in-law to impose on him during life, and he should certainly not allow him to do so after death.

"I endeavored by every means in my power to prevent the marriage of my niece," he wrote, "and, when she persisted in opposing my wishes, I refused to take any further interest in her affairs. I must therefore decline absolutely to act as guardian or assume any control of the child she has left. And by regarding this decision as final, you will greatly oblige me."

Needless to say that this was final, and the waif thus rejected on one side was received with double warmth on the other.

Affectionate hearts opened wide to take her in, and she gave back their affection in full measure. Nor could she readily have found a brighter home than Fairfields.

Surrounded by a large neighborhood, and situated in the midst of a picturesque country, it still preserves its reputation as a headquarters of hospitality, though times have changed as much for the Lawrences as for most other members of the planting community of the South. The income from the broad fields of the plantation by no means keeps pace with the steadily increasing demands of the large family; and, as is frequently the case, the anxiety consequent upon this state of affairs falls most heavily on the feminine head of the household. Mr. Lawrence comes of an open-handed race, and though not a spendthrift, he is generous to a fault, and constitutionally averse to a consideration of economies.

His eldest son, Will, is usually spoken of as "his father's own son." He certainly possesses the frank, Lawrence face, and the stalwart Lawrence figure, the cordial good-fellowship and love of outdoor life and sports which have always distinguished his name.

There is a second son, however, who is altogether different. From his mother he has inherited certain dispositions which are not in accord with the Lawrence character. Chief of these is a decided taste for money-making, in consequence of which he was early sent to one of the seaboard cities and placed in the business-house of a cousin of Mrs. Lawrence. Thence encouraging reports come of his capabilities, and he occasionally descends upon the family circle in the character of a condescending visitor.

Next in order come two sisters, Sophy and Janet, aged respectively twenty and eighteen; while following them in close succession are several younger children, all of whom are blind adorers and devoted followers of their cousin Kate.

The latter breaks the short silence which has settled over the two girls since Janet's last speech by saying:

"We won't grow sentimental, Janet, dear; and, indeed, I cannot fancy you becoming so, bless your cynical heart! But I think you know that there is not anything—not anything on earth—I would not do to spare any one of you a moment's pain, or to show how dearly I love you. There cannot be anybody in the world with less power to benefit others than I have now; but I remember sometimes the table of the mouse and the lion, and I think that perhaps the day may come when I can do something to show what is here."

With a graceful gesture she clasps her hands over her heart, and Janet thinks that there can be no sweeter face than the eloquent, mobile countenance, as its glowing eyes meet her own.

"Love is enough," she says. "So long as you give us that, we will dispense with any wonderful benefit in proof of it, though, indeed, you may some day have it in your power to do anything you like for us. I often think that you are intended for some brilliant destiny, if only—"

"If only what?" asks Kate, as she pauses.

"If only you don't let your heart make shipwreck of your life, as I am half afraid you will."

"Do you think so?" says Kate, wondering. "I don't think that there is the least danger of anything of the kind—nor the least hope, I may add, of a brilliant destiny—unless that is what the four-leaved clover means. Perhaps it will bring me a princely lover on a red-roan steed, like the lover little Ellie dreamed of in the 'Romance of the Swan's Nest.'"

"And, pray, what would you do with him if he came? I should think a lover on a bay-steed—I believe that is the color of George Proctor's horse—would be enough for you."

"Bah!" says Kate, flinging herself back on the grass. "I am tired of the bay steed, and his rider,

too. He may 'ride, ride, for ever ride,' in any direction that he pleases, so that it is away from Fairfields."

"Kate," says her cousin, severely, "you are a very ungrateful girl."

"Not a bit of it," returns Kate, serenely. "It does not at all follow that I am ungrateful because I think George Proctor is a very foolish young man, or because I wish that he would go home and stay there."

"He is trying to screw his courage to the point of asking you to go and stay there with him."

"Which," says the young lady, flushing to the roots of her hair, "is a very great absurdity and—"

"and impertinence on his part."

"It is you who are absurd when you talk like that. Has not a man a right to ask a woman to marry him?"

"Distinctly no—when a woman shows him that she does not care a straw for him, and would not marry him if he offered her the wealth of the world!"

"You don't know what you might do for the wealth of the world; and, furthermore, you don't by any means always show your love-lorn swain that you entertain such stern sentiments; sometimes you are very gracious to him."

"That is when I am penitent, after snubbing him severely," says Kate, with a sigh. "One can't help feeling like a culprit when somebody cares for one a great deal more than one deserves, and all that one gives him in return is to be mean and cross. I know that, to make snubbing effective, one ought to be consistent in it—but, I put it to you, Janet, how can one be?"

"Don't put it to me. I know nothing about such matters. Some people are born for one thing and some for another. I was born for practical purposes. One of these days a practical man—a widower, probably, with nine children—will say to me, 'Miss Janet, will you be kind enough to come and attend to my household affairs, the preserving, pickling, darning, etc.?' And I will reply, 'Yes, Mr. Jones, if you will agree not to interfere with me more than you can help.' So papa will say, 'Do as you like, my dear,' and that will be my wooing."

"Sooner than face such a prospect, I—I would drown myself!" cries Kate, lifting up "Our Mutual Friend," and bringing it down on the ground with emphasis.

"Oh, you need not be afraid," says Janet. "It will not be your wooing. You are made for romance, passion, raptures and agonies. I hope you will come out of it alive—that's all."

Kate laughs—a merry, ringing sound, which is not in the least indicative of an early demise.

"What an original you are, Janet!" she says; "but you make mistakes in your prophecies sometimes. There never was a girl less inclined to be romantic than I am. When people grow sentimental I always want to laugh—and generally do. Now, such a disposition is entirely incompatible with the raptures and agonies theory."

"We shall see," says Janet. "I have very good grounds for all my opinions, and I am sure—why, yonder is Will! What can be bringing him here?"

CHAPTER II.

"News, news, news, my gossiping friends! I have wonderful news to tell!"

A TALL young man, in a gray suit and a straw hat, is coming across the grass as Kate rises again from a recumbent to a sitting attitude and looks round.

"Don't disturb yourself," he says, smiling, as he draws near. "I see you appreciate the Arab proverb that 'Man is better sitting than standing, better lying down than sitting, better dead than lying down.'"

"I have not got so far as the last," says Kate; "but I do like to lie down, especially on the grass, when I can look up through green leaves at such a sky as that. Make yourself comfortable by doing likewise, Will, and then answer, sir, for an unjustifiable invasion of property. Janet and I wanted to drive over to Oakdale this afternoon, but when we sent for the phaeton we were informed that you had taken Modoc. Now, we might have let you have him if you had asked us, but, since you did not ask us, we were naturally very indignant."

"Sorry to have inconvenienced you and deferred anything so important as a journey to Oakdale," says Will, making himself comfortable, as he was bidden to do, and apparently not at all disturbed by the indignation. "I should not have taken Modoc—for he is an abominable little beast under the saddle—if there had been another horse in the stable. But Harry Lee needed shoeing, Diana is lame, and the hunting-party had all the rest. Therefore, since I was obliged to go to Arlington on business, I ordered him out. To make amends, you shall have a fox-chase in the morning, if you like. We are going to have a run near home."

"That will be delightful!" cries the girl, with quickening eyes. "But how can I go if Diana is lame?"

"Oh, I dare say she'll be all right by to-morrow; it was because I wanted her to be all right that I would not ride her this afternoon."

"Will, you are—you are a brick!" says Kate. "That is your own favorite term of commendation, so I suppose it will flatter you more than anything else I could say. I forgive you entirely for taking Modoc, since you were sparing Diana to carry me on a chase."

"You can afford to forgive him," says Janet; "but since I have not been considered in the matter, and am not going on a chase, I feel by no means so amiable."

"I will soothe you by taking you down to the river for a row, presently," says Will. "By Jove! how I hated to miss the chase to-day! I am sure it was a good one."

"It has certainly been a long one. The huntsmen are not yet back."

"That signifies nothing. They were going to dine at Wilmer's, and of course they will smoke and talk over the run for an hour or two after dinner, and then they have nine miles to ride."

"And, of course, Mr. Wilmer will return with them," says Kate. "How much he is in love with Sophy!—and, though Sophy is so demure, I think she likes him very well, indeed."

"Does she?" says Will, with that mild degree of interest which a man evinces in his sister's love affairs. "Wilmer is a capital fellow, and I bade him go ahead with my blessing some time ago. Sophy could not well do better."

"I am not sure of that," says Janet, "but, I suppose she might readily do worse, and so we must be resigned. I hate this thing of marrying and giving in marriage," the speaker goes on, making a vicious punch into the ground. "It breaks up families, lacerates one's feelings, and is altogether intensely disagreeable."

"You all seem to think so," says Will, "especially when it comes to the wedding-dress and the wedding-cake."

"Oh, woman! in thine hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please—"

There can be no doubt of the hard to please, at any rate."

"Indeed, I think we should be very easily pleased, if some people pleased us," says Kate, with an air of graceful disdain.

Will laughs, and lying back at ease on the warm, dry grass, looks with a blending of cousinly fondness and admiration at the winsome face.

"You are unaccountable creatures, regarded in any light," he says; "but we could not well get on without you, and I'll not deny that you have some right to be hard to please, bonny Kate, 'the daintiest Kate in Christendom!'"

"Stop that at once!" says Janet, before Kate can reply. "It is not only an invidious distinction to compliment one girl while another girl is sitting by, but I don't want Kate spoiled, and she will be utterly so if this kind of thing goes on. Even I have been talking nonsense about her being intended for a brilliant destiny—and now, you tell her that she has a right to be hard to please. It is all absurdity!"

"Quite so, Janet," says Kate's joyous voice. "Don't be afraid of my being spoiled; I know it is only your partiality that makes you think me anything but a very ordinary girl. Will, did you bring the mail from Arlington?"

"I brought the mail, and some news besides. Try to imagine who is coming to Fairfields."

"I never was good at imagining, and I should consider any effort in that line simple waste of time, when you know and can tell us who it is."

"Don't be provoking, Will, but tell us at once," says Janet.

By way of reply, Will draws a letter from his pocket and tosses it toward her. She lifts, opens, glances at the address and signature and says:

"Why, it is from Randal to mamma!"

"Exactly," says Will, "and mamma handed it to me to pass over to you, on account of some important intelligence which it contains. Read it aloud for Kate's benefit."

Thus directed, Janet reads:

"MY DEAR MOTHER—Your letter just received. Many thanks for the note inclosed for Miss Vaughn. I am very certain that she will accept your invitation. Somebody has been telling her a tremendous rigamarole about Fairfields, and she is very anxious to visit it. I only hope she may not be bored to death after she gets there. Tell the girls that they must make every preparation to have things as gay as possible, and I will let you know as soon as I can when to expect us."

At this point the reader's voice ceases, and she looks up with amazement and dismay on her face.

"Miss Vaughn!" she says. "In the name of all that is wonderful, what can be bringing Miss Vaughn to Fairfields? Do you—do you think that she can mean to marry Randal?"

"As unlikely as possible," says Will. "Randal is a completely infatuated fool, who lets her make a convenience of him one day and a football the next. And, for some inscrutable caprice, she is making a convenience of him now."

"But what caprice can it be?" asks Janet, with eyes still wide open in wonder. "I cannot imagine anything that would bring her to Fairfields."

"Nor I. But 'who is it can read a woman?' She has certainly some motive; and the chances are strong that we shall find out what it is before she goes away."

"This is fairly overwhelming," says Kate. "What on earth are we to do with such a fashionable and formidable beauty and belle?"

"You can study her," says Will. "It may be as good as education for you poor creatures buried in the country."

"Kate is the only one to whom such an education would be of service," says Janet; "and she knows quite enough about flirting now."

"I know about flirting, Janet!" says Kate, looking injured. "That is the unkindest speech you ever made to me."

"Kate's flirtations are of the mild, bread-and-butter order—warranted to cause no serious harm," says Will; while Miss Vaughn, unless report greatly belies her, belongs to the class 'man-eater'—and if one may judge by Randal, she might as well devour her victims entirely, since they are fit for nothing after she is done with them."

"It must be very interesting to watch the process of devouring," observes Kate. "Don't you think you can offer yourself as a victim?"

"Not if I know myself!" replies Will, with more force than elegance. "If you are very anxious to watch the process, however, there's Proctor—he might immolate himself to oblige you."

"Perhaps he will immolate himself without any intention of obliging me."

"Then I know who would be sorry," says Janet, dryly. "Will, if you are sufficiently rested, let us go down to the river and have that row."

No lovelier stream was ever sung by poets than the bright river which winds through the fertile lowlands of the Fairfields plantation. It is not more than a hundred yards from the foot of the lawn to a place where a boat is always moored, and thither Will and his companions take their way.

By the time they are fairly afloat in the middle of the current, the sun has sunk below the green heights which encompass the valley, and clouds, luminous with his dying glory, begin to fling a reflection of their tints upon the glassy breast of the water.

"This is the best time to be on the river," says Kate, with a soft sigh. She has taken off her hat, and is sitting bareheaded, while the evening-breeze waves the light rings of her hair back from her brow. "Sunset and moonlight—if I live to be a hundred years old I am sure I shall always love those two things."

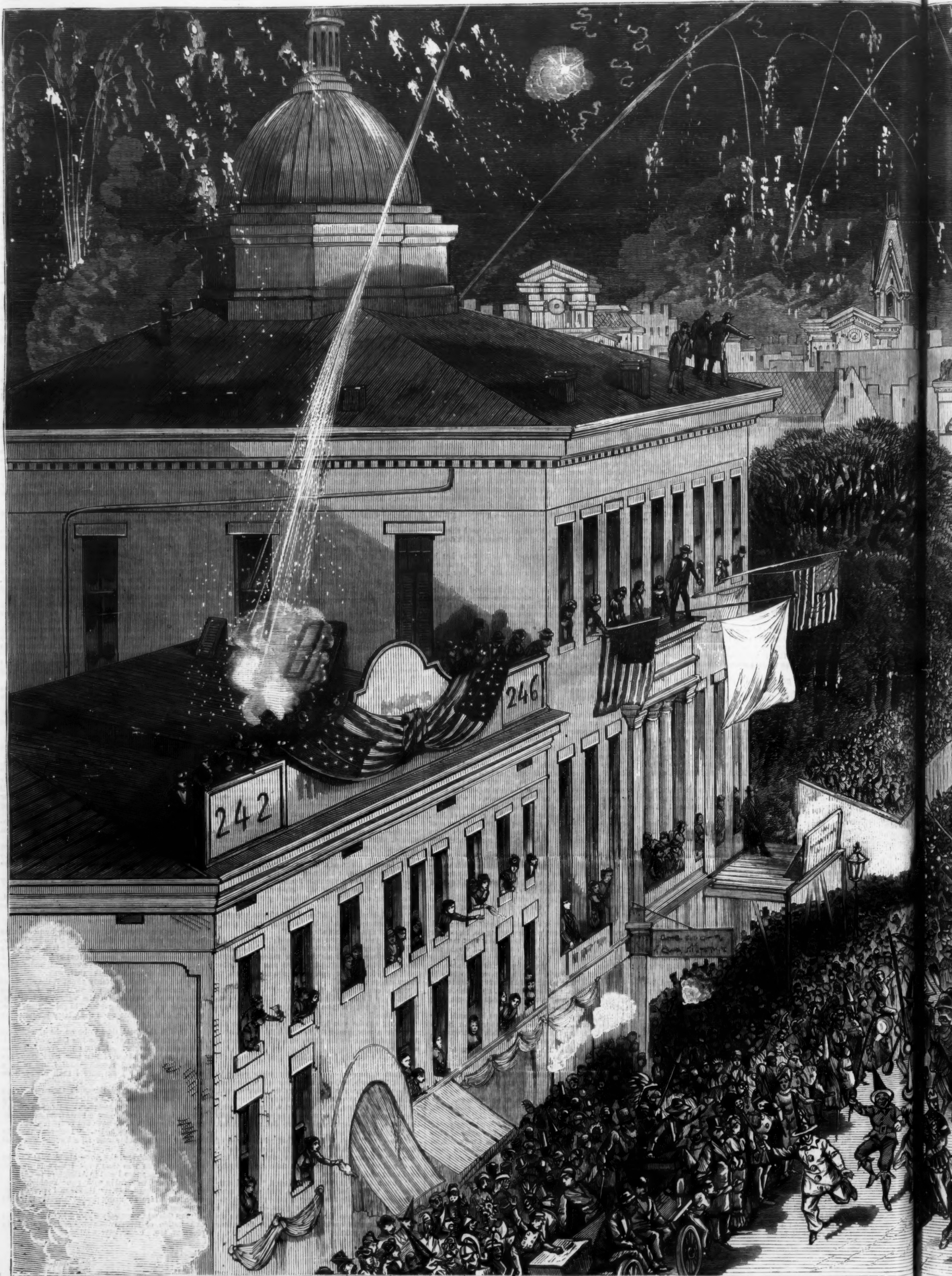
"They are very good things in their way," says Will; "but there are some better things—a rousing chase at daylight, for instance. By-the-by, didn't I tell you that I brought some news from Arlington, besides the mail? You have not heard it yet?"

"More news?" says Janet. "I suppose that the startling intelligence about Miss Vaughn was what you meant?"

"On the contrary, the news about Miss Vaughn will startle you less than what I have in reserve. Who do you suppose I met in Arlington to-day?"

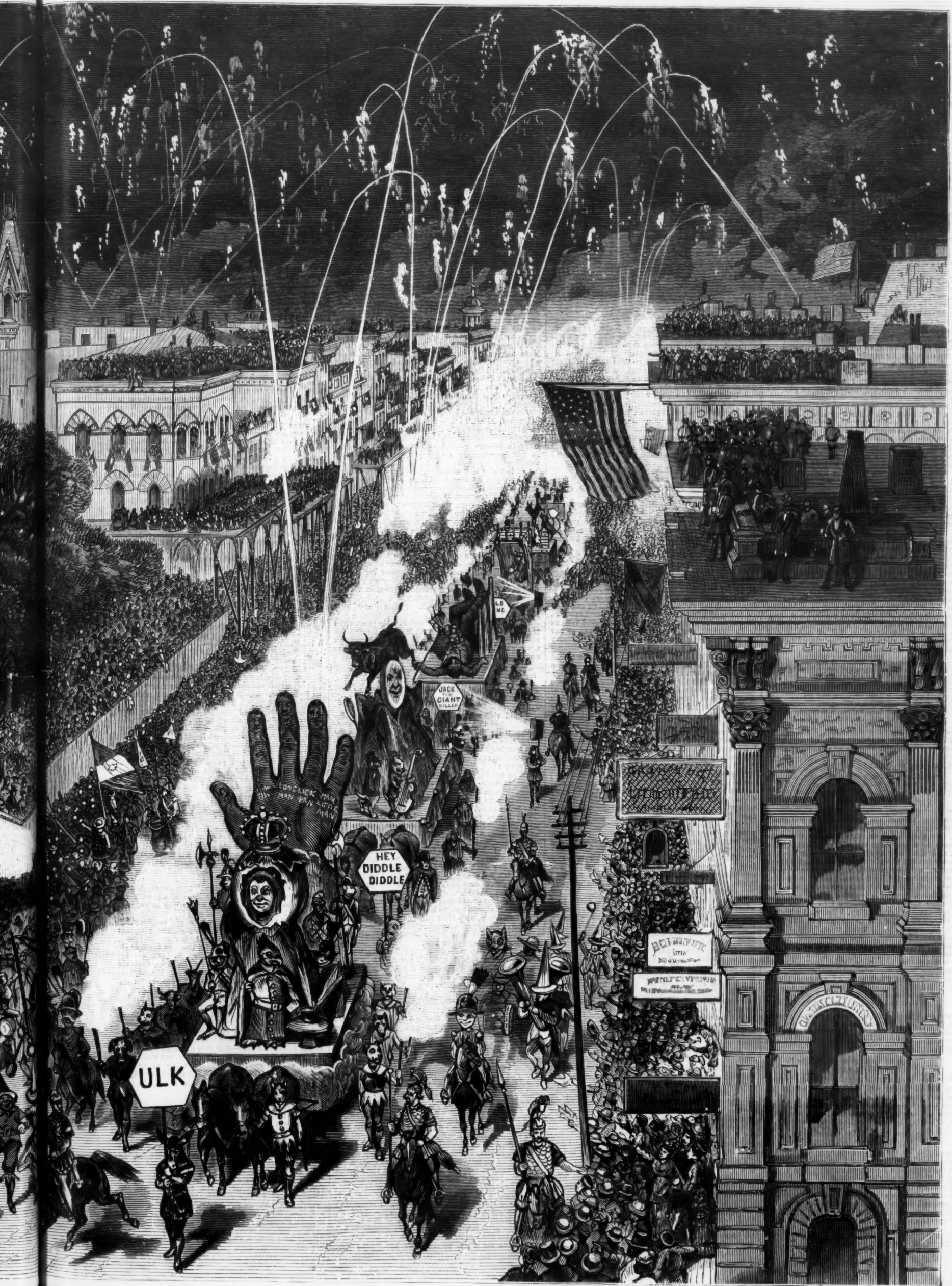
"You are insufferable with your conundrums!" says Janet, impatiently. "How can I possibly tell, when there are so many people whom you might have met?"

"But this was somebody whom I had not the least expectation of meeting—somebody uncommonly pleasant, too. Come, give a guess."



TENNESSEE.—THE MARDI-GRAS CARNAVAL.—THE PROCESSION OF ULKS, ILLUSTRATING NURSERY RE AND T

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR ARTISTS.—



EVERY REBEL AND TALES, MARCHING DOWN MAIN STREET, MEMPHIS, ON THE NIGHT OF MONDAY, MARCH 4TH.
BY OUR ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 50.

"Was it man or woman?"
"Can you ask? I should not think of attempting to enlist your interest in one of your own sex. It was a man."

"Bertie Anderson?"
"No—Frank Tarleton."
"Frank Tarleton!" cries Janet, roused to vivid interest at once. "Will, are you in earnest?"

"Never more so in my life. It was Tarleton himself—no room for mistake. You ought to have seen us meeting; like those ancient fellows—what were their names?—who were so very intimate."

"Frank Tarleton?" repeats Janet. "I certainly am surprised! When did he come? What has brought him back?"

"He reached Arlingtonford to-day. I did not ask what has brought him; but I fancy his business affairs have done so."

"By all accounts, it must be rather late to be looking after them," says Janet. "It is more likely that he has come because he has nowhere else in particular to go. Is he as handsome as ever?"

"Handsome, if anything. I always said Tarleton was too good-looking to come to any good end. He has not—what is the expression women use about each other?—gone off at all, and when you see him you will rave over him."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," returns Janet. "He has behaved too badly for anybody to think of raving over him, no matter how handsome he may be."

"So you are ready to give up an old friend because the gossip has made themselves busy with his name? There's a world of charity, kindness and good sense in that proceeding!"

Janet flushes; but, according to her usual custom, holds her own stoutly.

"Gossip is one thing," she says, "and fact is another. Everybody knows how Frank Tarleton has acted. As for his being an old friend, I am sure we have not seen him for nearly five years."

"And have you a statute of limitation for your friendships? Tarleton is one of the best of fellows, if he is rather a black sheep; and, though he has certainly been a fool, the majority of us are not sages."

"That is a very easy way to look at things," says Janet; "but I don't think it is a good way."

Kate, who has been listening to the conversation thus far with great interest, now breaks in:

"What has this poor Mr. Tarleton done," she asks, "that Janet is so severe upon him?"

"He has been unlucky enough and foolish enough to make ducks and drakes of his fortune," answers Will, "and Janet agrees with the majority of the world that to lose money is the worst offense of which a man can be guilty."

"That is very unjust, Will," says Janet. "If Frank Tarleton had lost his fortune, it would be a different matter, but he has squandered it."

"And in squandering it he has harmed himself more than any one else, has he not?" asks Kate, who is as lax a moralist as Will. "At any rate, he is young and handsome and pleasant, you say?—so he will be an acquisition to the neighborhood, with or without a fortune."

Janet, whose wisdom is beyond her years, looks at her volatile cousin gravely.

"I am not at all sure of that," she says.

Silence follows for a minute—silence only broken by the soft dip of the oars in the water; and as the loveliness deepens in the sky and earth, Kate involuntarily begins to sing.

She has a charming voice, full of power and sweetness, though untrained, and on the stillness of the evening air it rises full and clear:

"Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea
A rivulet, then a river:
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever."

"I call that a very mournful ditty, Kate," interposes Will, who is rowing in time to the measured cadence of the melody. "Give us something more cheerful."

But Kate only smiles and goes on:

"But here will sigh thine alder-tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever."

The ringing voice, together with the distinctly audible song, attract the attention of a horseman who is riding along the road which borders the river. He pauses, listens, then dismounts, fastens his horse to a tree near by, and, approaching the bank, makes his way as silently as possible through the dense growth of willow and alder which fringes the stream, until he reaches a point whence, parting the green boughs, he looks out over the stream.

It is a lovely picture which rewards him. The emerald-tinted water is painted with gorgeous hues; while far and fair, melting into purple softness, spreads the level valley, bounded by rolling hills, on one of which the gabled roof of Fairfield shows, "bosomed high in tufted trees."

Above these hills the fires of sunset burn—flame-like scarlet, vivid crimson fading into soft rose, gold and aquamarine melting and mingling and throwing their radiance far and wide. The river, catching this radiance, holds it imprisoned in its liquid depths; and the boat seems floating on an enchanted current:

"A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver."

so Kate is singing, and the eyes of the unseen gazer, falling on her face, do not wander from it until the boat passes beyond his sight around a bend of the stream. Even then the end of the verse is wafted back to him:

"But not by thee my steps shall be
For ever and for ever."

"Who can she be?" he says to himself. "The man is Will Lawrence, and the other girl one of his sisters, but who can this girl possibly be?" Since there is no one to answer the question, he retraces his steps, remounts his horse, and rides away, humming as he goes, the haunting refrain:

"No more by thee my steps shall be
For ever and for ever."

Meanwhile, Will is saying to his companions: "I am afraid we must be thinking of going back. I heard the sound of a horn not long ago, from which I infer that the hunters have returned."

"Yonder is the hunter's moon," says Kate, pointing to a silver crescent, the faint lines of which are half lost amid the splendors of the glowing west.

"You are the first to see it, Kate—and in a clear sky," says Janet. "That is good luck."

"Queen and huntress chaste and fair,"

Will begins, and breaks down at that point. "If

I had a horn, I would give her a hunting salute," he says. "We must turn around, must we? Well, here goes. Now, girls, since I have to row against the current, lighten my labor with a song, and pray let it be cheerful—not like Kate's last."

The girls comply, and with songs and gay talk and much laughter, they return to the landing, fasten the boat, and take their way to the house, reaching it as the shades of twilight enwrap all the outer world.

CHAPTER III.

"Good name in man or woman
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

THE inmates of Fairfield, as usual at this hour, are assembled on the front piazza, where comfortable wicker chairs are placed, and bright-colored cushions scattered for the benefit of those who may prefer the lowliness of the steps.

On these steps Sophy Lawrence is seated, with a broad-shouldered gentleman by her side, who is no other than the Mr. Wilmer whom Kate prophesied would return with the hunting-party, and whom Janet regards with aversion as a probable brother-in-law.

"Of course, he is there!" says the latter, in a tone of disgust. "If I were Sophy, I would suggest to him to stay at home a little—just a little."

"If you were Sophy, you would do nothing of the kind," laughs Kate; "you would be so glad to see him that you would be disappointed if he did not come every day. Wait until Mr. Jones, the widower of the future, appears, and then you, too, will sing:

"I hear his footfall's music,
I feel his presence near."

"If it is Proctor that you mean, Kate," says Will, "I don't know about his footfall's music, for he is sitting down; but you may certainly feel his presence, since I see him on the piazza."

The speaker winces the next instant, for Kate gives him a sharp pinch; but, before she can express her indignation in words, they reach the steps, and Sophy addresses them:

"Where have you girls been? I sent for you an hour ago, but you were not to be found."

"We have been on the river," says Janet. "Why did you send for us?"

"Carrie Norton was here and wanted to ask you to a croquet-party to-morrow afternoon. I knew you had no engagements, so I told her we would all go."

"I wish you had excused me," says Janet. "I am tired of croquet."

"I am not!" cries Kate. "I like it."

"I think you like everything, Miss Kate," says Mr. Wilmer. "I have never seen any one enjoy life so thoroughly as you do."

"Of course I do," replies the girl, in her frank voice. "I am sorry—oh, very sorry for people who do not enjoy it. I suppose there is some trouble and vexation in it, but I think that for everybody there must be a great deal of pleasure, if he only knows how to find it."

"That admits of a question," he says; "but I think you will always find it."

"I hope she will," says Sophy, as Kate passes on, "it would seem a cruel thing if life should use her as hardly as it does some people; and yet—"

She pauses, for a thought of wisdom comes to her. And yet why should not ill as well as good fall on this bright head, since both ill and good are gifts alike from the merciful hand of God? Ah! true as truth is it that, could we order the lives even of our dearest and best, our choice would be but blindly made. With eager hands we would pour unclouded sunshine over them, forgetting that the heroism which ennoble and the tenderness which sweetens life are alike born in darkness and struggle.

Will pauses on the veranda, where the enthusiastic huntsmen begin to describe for his benefit the run of the day; but Kate and Janet, mindful of the toilets unmade, enter the hall, whither they are followed by one of the group, a tall young man, who rises and hurries after them.

"I wish—I wished a hundred times to-day that you had been with us, Miss Kate," he says, eagerly; "we had the best chase of the season, and your namesake led the pack."

"Will says that she is the best hound in the country," replies Kate, pausing with a smile, while Janet pursues her way up-stairs. "I am glad that you had a good chase," she goes on; "but would it not have been rather long for me? And then the bachelor dinner—I should have been dreadfully in the way there."

"You could not be in the way anywhere—not possibly," says the young man, quickly. "Speaking for myself, I am sure your presence would have made the dinner quite another affair."

"That is equivocal," said Kate, with her gay laugh. "Another affair might mean pleasantly—or the reverse. No, pray don't explain—a flavor of doubt gives zest to a compliment, and I suppose you meant to be complimentary."

"I must be very stupid if I didn't make that clear," he says, laughing in turn. "I was lucky enough to find the ferns you wanted," he proceeds, tugging at something in the breast-pocket of his coat, and finally drawing forth a memorandum-book, which he opens. Between the leaves are several leathery ferns of rare variety.

"How lovely!" cries Kate. "And how good of you to remember and bring them to me! I know how hard it is for a fox-hunter to stop for anything."

"I came near losing the hounds by stopping," says Mr. Proctor, who naturally wishes to make as much capital as possible out of this heroic act; "but as soon as I saw the ferns, I was determined you should have them."

"I am so much obliged!" she says. "They are just what I want for my platter-work. I believe I promised my next piece to you," she adds, with an upward glance of the dark-trimmed eyes, "so you see virtue will be its own reward. Whenever you look at that work of art you can proudly think, 'I should not possess this treasure if I had not stopped for those ferns that day.'"

"I shall certainly consider it a treasure," says Mr. Proctor, "and I hope I shall receive it before long. I am sure you will fulfill a promise better than Miss Janet does, who has been promising me a tobacco-bag for more than a year."

"I always fulfill my promises," says Kate. "But I shall not be ready for tea at this rate," she adds, with a start, as the hall-clock clangs forth seven. "I must go at once, for see what a state my dress is in from the grass and the boat!"

"And you'll wear some of the ferns in your hair, won't you?" says Mr. Proctor, following her to the foot of the staircase.

She nods and flits away, leaving him standing below, looking after her one might look after some lovely, bright-plum bird that has spread its wings for flight. Then he heaves a sigh—from the region of his boots, apparently—and returns to the piazza, where the chase is still proceeding.

Kate, meanwhile, takes her way to her chamber smiling as she goes. Mr. Proctor's devotion annoys her sometimes, but more often amuses her, since to a girl perfectly heart-whole and fancy-free, sentimental troubles seem only fit matter for mirth. We can realize a finger-ache, even if our own fingers are exempt from pain; but, to realize a heart-ache when we have never known such a thing, is altogether beyond the average capability of light-hearted eighteen.

"Poor fellow—how absurd he is!" Kate says to herself; and this is the amount of sympathy which the sighing gentleman obtains.

"If you had staid to talk to Mr. Proctor much longer, Kate," says Janet, when she enters the room where that young lady is, "you might have spared yourself the trouble of changing your dress for tea. As it is, you will be very late."

"It does not matter," says Kate, cheerfully. "I can slip on my white muslin in a minute. See what lovely ferns!—will you have some for your hair?"

"No, thanks. Mr. Proctor would be no more pleased to see me wearing his offerings than I should be pleased to wear them. What a simpleton he is!"

"He is not very brilliant," Kate admits, "but I don't think it is fair to call him exactly a simpleton—at least I suppose he has sense about some things."

"Oh, I suppose he knows when to plant cotton and when to sow wheat," says Janet, with a careless shrug; "but he does not know better than to make a great fool of himself about you. I suppose he can't help it, however. Shakespeare says that 'to be wise and love exceeds man's strength,' and, if it exceeds man's strength in general, it is not surprising that it should exceed Mr. Proctor's strength in particular. There is the tea-bell, as I expected; make haste and come down."

She goes as she speaks, and ten minutes later Kate follows. When the latter enters the room where the tea is in progress, she finds that a name she has heard before is under discussion.

"I don't believe Tarleton is half as black as he is painted," Will is saying. "Reckless! yes, all the Tarletons are that—but recklessness is not a crime!"

"It unfortunately leads to crime very often," Mr. Lawrence says. "I like Frank Tarleton, also—not only for his own sake, but for that of his father, who was one of the best friends I ever had—and I shall be sorry to believe anything worse of him than that he has been sowing a very plentiful crop of wild oats."

"It is a pity that sowing wild oats is such an expensive business that most men by the time they have finished it have no capital left for any other," says Wilmer's pleasant voice.

"Tarleton's affairs must be in a pretty bad condition," observes Proctor. "I heard not long ago that Southdale will soon be in the market."

"I believe it is heavily mortgaged," says Will, "and Tarleton may be forced to part with it, but I am sure he will never do so willingly."

"Is the Tarleton of whom you are talking," puts in General Murray—a white-mustached veteran who travels a hundred miles every autumn for a fortnight's hunting at Fairfield—"the young fellow who has lately been conspicuous in turf-matters, and who owns the race-horse Cavalier?"

"The same," replies Will. "You know him, general?"

"I have met him once or twice. My most vivid recollection of him is in a steeple-chase for gentlemen riders, when I expected to see him break his neck. Had he done so, it might have been some consolation to hope

"That heaven would yet have more mercy than man, on such a bold rider's soul."

"Unfortunately, bold riding does not greatly commend one to the mercy of heaven," says Janet.

"Bold riding, moreover, is not the only accomplishment of this young gentleman," says the general. "He has the reputation of being very dangerous—among ladies. It is only fair to give you warning of this," he adds, as his glance, whether by intention or accident, falls on Kate, who answers, promptly:

"You are very kind, general; but surely you do not think that all the peril will be on our side. However dangerous Mr. Tarleton may be, we flatter ourselves that we shall be able to hold our own against his fascinations."

"If I may judge by what I have seen of your powers, Miss Kate, you can do more," replies the general, with a smile. "You may beat him with his own weapons at his own game."

"Oh, I shall not aspire to accomplish so much as that," she says, gayly. "It will be wisest, no doubt, to keep one's self strictly on the defensive."

"Which no young lady so well fitted as yourself for offensive operations will ever be content to do," returns the general.

The subject ends here; but this jesting exchange of words makes a serious impression on the mind of Mrs. Lawrence, and after tea she follows her husband to the library, where he usually retires to read the daily papers, in order to set his duty as head of the family clearly before him.

"I am sorry to hear that Frank Tarleton has returned to the neighborhood," she begins, "and I think, my dear, it will be wise if you discourage in time any renewal of the friendship which existed between himself and Will—not to speak of the girls."

"Why should I?" asks Mr. Lawrence.

"Why should you?" repeats his wife, in a tone of surprise. "I think that all which is said of Frank Tarleton's character and affairs is answer enough for that."

"Perhaps so," is the reply. "But when a man happens to be down in the world is not generally the time I select for turning the cold shoulder to him."

"And you don't see that it is your duty to consider your daughters before you introduce a ruined and dissipated young man familiarly into your house?"

"My daughters!" says Mr. Lawrence. "Why, they grew up with Frank Tarleton as with their own brothers. It would be rather difficult to thrust him into the position of a stranger now."

"It may be disagreeable, but it will not be difficult," says Mrs. Lawrence. "I cannot do it alone; but, if you support me, I will undertake to make it very soon and very clearly understood that Frank Tarleton takes no familiar place in this house."

Her husband moves uneasily.

"I cannot do it, Margaret," he says. "It is something you should not ask of me. I remember Tarleton's father too well, and—upon my word, I don't think it is kind or charitable of you to condemn the poor fellow before he has a chance to say a word for himself."

"I have no desire to condemn him," says Mrs.

Lawrence. "What he has been is not my affair; but I must think of my daughters, and I ask you this—should you like him for a son-in-law?"

Mr. Lawrence laughs.

"I believe women never hear a man's name that they don't figure to themselves how he would answer in a matrimonial point of view," he says. "It will be time enough to think of him as a son-in-law when he shows any disposition to become one."

"You are mistaken," replies Mrs. Lawrence, with a majestic dignity of superior wisdom. "It will be too late then. The only way to prevent such things is to anticipate them."

"Well, we will see about it," says Mr. Lawrence, evasively. "Were there any letters for me to-day?"

"One; I laid it on the table here. There it is!" uncovering a pale-gray envelope. "The handwriting is familiar to me, but I cannot think whose it is."

"Why didn't you open it, then?" asks Mr. Lawrence, carelessly.

He takes up the envelope, opens it, and draws forth a sheet of paper, bearing these lines:

"MY DEAR MR. LAWRENCE.—When we met last, you gave me a cordial invitation to visit Fairfield. I did not think at that time that I should ever do so—though I remember the days I spent there in my youth as among the happiest of my life—but since then my mind has changed, and if it would be entirely convenient to Mrs. Lawrence and yourself for me to spend a week or two with you during this lovely autumn season, I shall be glad to do so.

Present my kind regards to Mrs. Lawrence, and believe me always, faithfully yours,

"ANASTASIA BROOKE."

"That is something unexpected," says Mr. Lawrence, handing the letter to his wife; "but there is nobody I shall like better to see; and I'll write at once and tell her so."

"I suppose you must," says Mrs. Lawrence, "but it is very inconvenient that she should come just now. I received a letter from Randal to-day, saying that Miss Vaughn is coming; and the house is not elastic, though you seem to think so."

"Randal be hanged!" says Randal's father, with unusual irritation. "What claim to consideration has that girl he is making himself a consummate fool about in comparison with Anastasia Brooke, who has been my life-long friend? If anybody is to be put off, let it be Miss Vaughn."

"That is impossible."

"Then manage as best you can; but remember that Miss Brooke must come."

He turns to his writing-desk as he speaks, and Mrs. Lawrence is aware that the words just uttered are an ultimatum.

Notwithstanding the fact that the reins of government usually rest in her hands, there are occasions when her husband asserts his authority, and on those rare occasions she has no alternative but submission.

So it chances that Sophy mentions the news of the intended arrival when the girls have retired to their chamber that night.

"Mamma tells me that papa has had a letter from Miss Brooke, and that she is coming to Fairfield," she says.

"We seem to have become very popular all at once," observes Janet. "Who else will descend on us, I wonder? Not that it matters greatly—a visitor more or less scarcely counts when the house is full."

"Who is Miss Brooke?" asks Kate. "I don't think I ever heard of her before."

"I fancy you must have heard of her," answers Sophy. "She is a great friend of papa's—her father was his guardian—and they have known each other all their lives. She is an old maid, and immensely rich."

"How interesting! Perhaps she may play fairy-godmother to one or all of us. Rich old maids should feel that their special duty in life is to exert their benevolence toward portionless young ones."

"Unhappily they don't take that view of the matter," says Janet, "and Miss Brooke has relations of her own—I have heard papa speak of them. Still there is a chance for a turn of Fortune's wheel. More unlikely things have happened than that she should take a fancy to one of us—only, of course, you would be the one, Kate."

"I don't see why that follows," says Kate; "but this may be the luck that my four-leaved clover is to bring. Sophy, do you know that I found a four-leaved clover to-day? See, here it is!" she opens the pages of "Our Mutual Friend," and displays her treasure-trove triumphantly. "I have put it at my favorite scene—the scene that, I suppose, I have read fifty times, and that I can no more read with dry eyes the fiftieth time than the first—where Lizzy saved Eugene."

"Who was not worth saving," says Janet, shortly. "My sympathies in that story are all with the schoolmaster. He was a man who was in earnest, and who knew his own mind."

"I can't say that I admired Eugene very much," says Kate, "but Lizzy loved him, and that was enough. Listen! do you remember this?—'Now, merciful heaven be thanked for that old time, enabling me without a wasted moment, to have got the boat afloat again, and to row back against the stream! And grant, oh, blessed Lord God, that through poor me he may be raised from death, and preserved to some one else to whom he may be dear one day, though never dearer than to me!' Surely, if he had been ten times worse than he was, to have now such a heart as that would have made him worth saving."

Janet compresses her lips doubtfully; but Sophy—thrilled by the sweet voice which gave new meaning to the pathetic words—answers quickly:

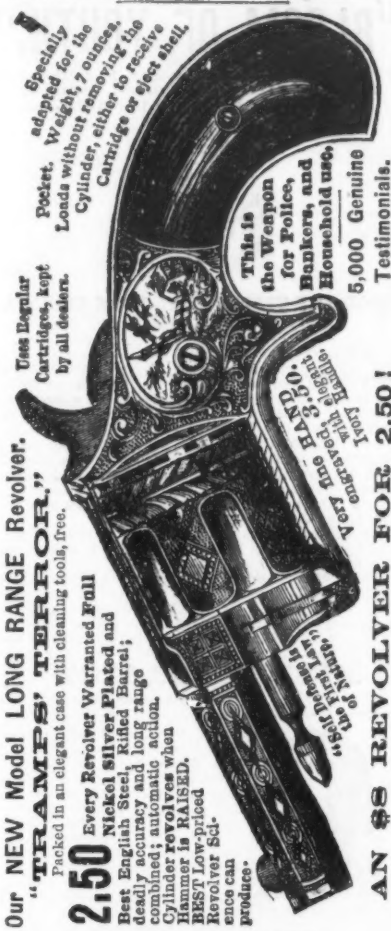
"Yes, God be thanked, love does not wait upon worth or unworth; else there are few of us who would not go starving for it to the end of our days."

CHAPTER IV.

"In the morning, horn of huntsman, hoof of steed, and laugh of rider,
Spread out cheery from the courtyard till we lost them in the hills."

THE next morning is all that the heart of huntsman can desire, and between four and five o'clock—while not a single star has yet paled out of the brilliant sky, nor a streak of daylight appeared in the continuation of this attractive story will be found in No. 668 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, and in the subsequent numbers of that popular journal. FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER appears every Monday, and contains Serial Novels, Stories, Sketches, Travels, Adventures, Biography, Essays, Foreign Manners and Customs, illustrated by the best artists, and written by the most popular writers of the day.

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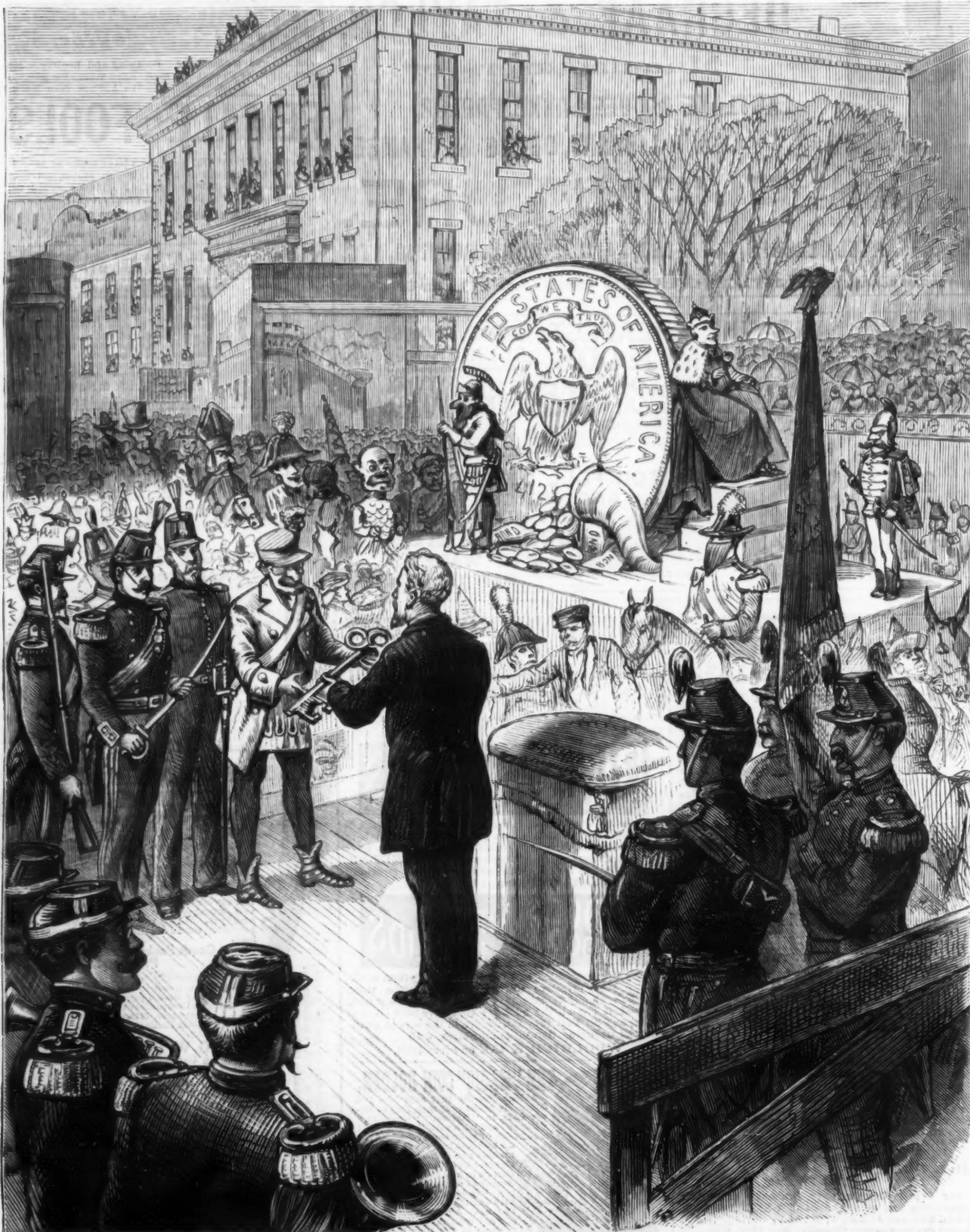
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